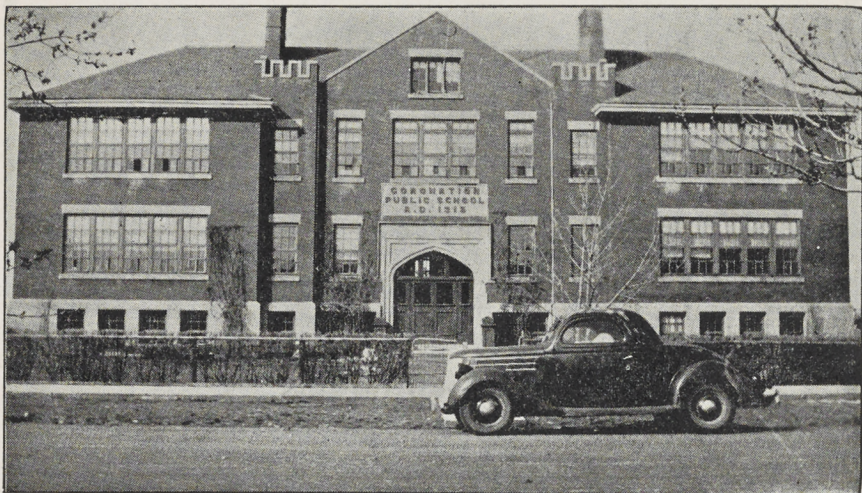




SCARLET
and
BLACK

1943-44



Dedication

To those former students of Coronation High School who are serving with His Majesty's Forces, whether on land, at sea, or in the air we are proud to dedicate this our second volume of "Scarlet and Black."

In Memoriam

In remembrance of R. H. Liggett, inspector of public schools, who passed away in Drumheller on the 9th day of July, 1943, and of Hilda Liggett, who passed away in a Vancouver hospital on the 30th day of October, 1943.



In Memoriam

With the dust of Sicily dry on his lips,
And his young voice stilled to laughter and jest,
He sleeps in an alien island's soil,
Far from the land he loved so well.

The wind in the orange grove croons a tale
Of Norman, Vandal, Saracen, Goth:
And Aetna plumes the sky with cloud:
And the painted carts roll by to the port.

But CANADA blazons his gray-blue sleeve;
While the wings a Canadian hand pinned there
Gleam in the dark on his proud, young breast,
That spilled its life for the land he loved.

Mediterranean blue at his feet,
Italian blue in the sky overhead,
But Canadian blue in his dreaming eyes,
And Canada's blue for his last, long sleep!

MARJORIE FREEMAN CAMPBELL

High School Honor Roll

ARMY

Sgm. Anderson, Ken.
 Pte. Brigham, Joe
 Pte. Cook, Lawrence
 Pte. Crook, Clifford
 Sgt. Major Cuthbert, David
 Major Cuthbert, Norman
 Cpl. Clark, Lester
 Pte. Clark, Tom
 Sgt. Dyke, Frank
 Pte. Gilks, Bert
 Spr. Ellis, Robert
 Sgt. Duncan, Bill
 Cpl. Gwilliam, Keith
 Pte. Goulson, Arnold
 Pte. Goulson, Carlyn
 Pte. Hood, Robin
 Sgt. Homan, Donald (U.S.
 Army)
 Gnr. Heidecker, Herman
 Lieut. Knox, Cahil
 Pte. Kot, John
 Pte. Kerr, Robert
 Sgm. Kotow, Jack
 Pte. Landvik, Goodwyan
 Pte. Leard, Ira
 Sgt. Luke, Kenneth
 Pte. McAulay, J. D. (Teacher)
 Sgt. McRae, Kenneth
 Cpl. Mayhew, Harold
 Staff Sgt. Mitchell, Dryden
 Pte. Miller, Francis
 Pte. Price, Sam
 Pte. Ryan, Elmus (Hon. Dis-
 charge)
 Tpr. Stannard, Bill (Prisoner
 of war—Dieppe)
 Lieut. Short, Bill
 Pte. Swanson, Palmer
 Tpr. Taylor, Melvin
 Pte. Thomas, Albert
 Sgt. Thomas, Craig
 Lieut. Thring, George

C. W. A. C.

Pte. Osetsky, Juanita (Hon.
 Discharge)
 Pte. Owen, Beatrice (Hon.
 Discharge)

R. C. A. F.

Sgt. Armstrong, Allan
 Lac Cook, Melvin
 Sgt. Pilot Campbell, Jack
 AC2 Cuthbert, Gordon
 Sgt. Pilot Densmore, Brent
 Lac Elliot, Ralph
 Lac Ellis, Bruce
 Lac. Goldfinch, Jack
 Sgt. Gwilliam, Lowell
 Lac James, Stanley
 P.O. Luke, Claude
 Cpl. Luke, Wilford
 Ft. Sgt. Mayhew, Wm.
 Lac Neary, Robert
 AC1 O'How, Albert
 Lac Embree, Orville
 AC2 Paugh, Roger
 AC2 Robson, Austin
 Ft. Sgt. Sirvage, Russel
 Sgt. Thring, Wesley
 Sgt. Wallace, Alex
 Sgt. Nav. Watson, George

R. C. A. F. (W. D.)

AWI Kotow, Dorothy
 AWI Lonsdale, Beulah
 AWI O'How, Lily
 AWI Sparrow, Geraldine
 AWI Sparrow, Madge
 AWI Tiffin, Kay
 AWI Tiffin, Margaret
 AWI Tiffin, Madeline

R. C. N.

L. S. Cook, Geo.
 O. S. Landvik, Stanley
 S. Liggett, Wm.

The Principal's Message

It is indeed a pleasure to congratulate, for a second time, the Students' Union and the Year Book Executive on the results of their labor in producing a year book of such merit. I believe that Volume Two is a worthy successor and companion of Volume One. It will ever stand as a tribute to those who gave so unselfishly of their time and talent to produce it. How many happy memories it will bring back to you when you read it in later years, when you will have forgotten the hours you spent in getting it ready for publication; when you will have forgotten such things as the Binomial Theorem and the Law of Tangents you studied in mathematics and the Agreement of the Past Participle in French.

So much worthwhile has been accomplished during the school year. I shall recall for a long time to come the many pleasant associations and social times we had. The preparation and presentation of a play such as "Spring Fever" was a big task but its success brought a great deal of satisfaction and pleasure to all of us who shared in it.

I sometimes wonder if you as students have given enough thought to the many privileges and opportunities that are yours because you are living in such a great country as Canada. Your education has not been interfered with, but rather greater facilities and opportunities are yours. In countries torn by war, and those occupied by the ruthless enemy, is a "lost generation" of young people who will never become the useful citizens they might have been, because formal education is either non-existent or at best, very limited. They will never take up their education where they were forced to leave off.

Our school is proud of those ex-students who are now serving in the three services, and proud of those who are employed in useful and essential industries. They have a duty to do and are performing it with credit to themselves and to C. H. S. We are confident that they, and you, will be in some way instrumental in helping build up the post-war world into something that will be good and wholesome.

The year 1944 will go down in history as one of the most momentous. Dunkirk and Dieppe are being avenged. Our thoughts and prayers are with the boys 'over there' who are giving their lives that we may be free. We hope that by the end of the year we will see the final defeat of the ruthless Nazis by the United Nations.

To the graduates I wish the best of luck and the confidence and determination to carry on in new fields as you have here at school. I do hope that here at school we have in some measure prepared and fitted each and every one of you to become worthy and useful citizens of this great Canada of ours.

M. R. Butterfield.

Inspiration

How am I heading, on up grade,
Fearless, dauntless and unafraid.
The light of vict'ry in my eye,
My shoulders squared, my head held
high?
Because I vowed "I shall prevail!"

I cannot, dare not, must not fail.
No circumstance can hold me back
I'm travelling on the victor's track,
On, on, I'll scale though heights are
steep.

Through night and storm and fog
I'll sweep.
I've set a mark, I'll win that prize,
Though oft I fall I'll ever rise.
My will all hindrance shall subdue,

My faith shall keep my courage true.
Not in my flesh but in my soul,
I place my trust to win my goal.

Author Unknown.

LIFE

THE CHOICE LIES BEFORE YOU

By Captain G. H. Ritson-Bennett, District Cadet Officer, M.D. 13

My first desire is to say "Thank You" to the "Message Committee" for giving me this privilege and opportunity of saying a few words to the Students of the Coronation School through the medium of their 1943-44 Year Book—"Scarlet and Black."

Life has taught me that it is indeed a truth that a man's life does not consist of the things that he possesses, but rather in the things that possess him. In these challenging days, therefore, I suggest that you choose carefully and thoughtfully the ideas and ideals that you allow to sway your life and mind, remembering this well known fact that a man is molded by his thoughts and what he IS, and WILL BE, is the direct result of his choice of thinking.

Life offers two things—Civilization or Culture, Downstairs or Upstairs Living, not as a community, but to YOU as an individual lies the choice. Civilization says:—"Here are the things you use. The gadgets of Home, Business and Society, ingenious devices to live by." Whereas Culture says:—"Here are the things that use you. The things that add value to living." Upstairs Living gives you vision, enlarging your horizon, whereas Downstairs Living keeps you close to the grindstone and the little things around and about ordinary living.

Life gives you a three way choice of living it. You can either be a "Robot" and live on a mundane automatic ordinary level; or you can be a "Partner" and in spite of limitations, life can be full, happy and free, for LIFE is not, or need not be, a Dead-end Street. Life is a story with a denouement; a voyage with a port; a battle with a victory.

It is my sincere desire that at no time in the future will it ever be said of YOU—the readers of this Special Year Book—"Propter vitam vivendi peredere causus"—In the process of Life they lose the reason for living.

A Message from Mr. H. C. Sweet

I wish to congratulate the students of the Coronation High School and their teachers, Mr. M. R. Butterfield and Mrs. V. M. Noonan, on the publication of their 1943-44 yearbook. This will be a valued record of school experiences and achievements. Its composition exemplifies an educative group-undertaking involving the meeting of responsibilities in a co-operative way by those contributing.

Education is a process which includes the acquisition of knowledge,

which in its turn is the foundation of wisdom. Education is, therefore, a spiritual thing, functioning in the realm of the intellect, working through the discipline and development of our reasoning faculties. The value of education is first that it stores the mind with a variety of either useful or cultural knowledge, and secondly that it gives to the mind the requisite system of thinking. All High School students will remember how different a scholastic atmosphere they sensed when they first entered High School. They were "at sea", for rule of thumb methods were frowned upon, and they were introduced into the system of "thinking for themselves." This, then, is what education ought to do for the average boy or girl—it should give a well-stored mind, and the habit of thinking resourcefully and logically.

The appreciation of books—if our school experience did nothing else, this would be a sufficient reward from our guided reading. Books open up a world of experience and thought. The customs and manners of our fellow citizens of the world, their writings on the meaning of life and death and the Universe, the growth and development of civilization, the hopes of the best minds for philanthropic and patriotic projects in the future—these are matters of first importance to all of us. It is not enough merely to read; what is read must be subjected to the severe scrutiny of thought.

May those who will be continuing at school develop appreciation increasingly of the value of immediate opportunities and of the educational outcomes toward which we are striving. Though the immediate future may be uncertain for those graduating, it will offer the opportunity to each to serve his or her country in the most useful way. Through the courageous and intelligent meeting of the responsibilities which may fall to the lot of each, and through the inspired leadership for which we hope, may we draw nearer to the better world which lies within the grasp of man if he wills it to be so.

H. C. SWEET.

Vice-Principal's Message

A highly significant trend in high-school education is the recognition of the value of extracurricular activities as a vehicle of teaching. There is, and will continue to be, a definite shift from what can be learned from books to development of character and preparation to meet the common problems of adult life.

One of such activities of the Coronation High School is the compilation of the annual edition of "Scarlet and Black." The energy, the resourcefulness, and the ingenuity of the students have had full scope for use and development in this project. The members of the executive are deserving of commendation for their perseverance and untiring industry. As a result, this year book will be cherished by all as a precious souvenir of a year replete with valuable and enjoyable experiences.

To the graduating students, and those of you who will not be returning, I wish success and happiness in your chosen vocation.

Victoria M. Noonan.

A Message from the Caretaker

No matter the skill and efficiency of the manufacturer, no engine will run without lubrication. Therefore it may stand as a monument to mechanism but is nevertheless useless.

A boy or girl may be gifted with wonderful talent and brains but without education, these assets are virtually dormant. Now boys and girls, educational lubrication is available to all and it is up to you personally to procure all that is really possible in order that your vocation in life will run smoothly and therefore successfully.

Congratulations, on your publication of the second edition of "Scarlet and Black."

C. A. Ross.

To the Graduating Students of 1944

CORONATION HIGH SCHOOL

This is the second Anniversary of your High School Year Book. How pleased we all are that you are continuing this lovely publication. It is a fine thing for you, for your school, for posterity. We congratulate you for it.

These are important days in your lives. Nothing is so important as graduating from a good high school with a good education. You will be on your own. You are well educated. You will be the leaders of business, industry and government in the future.

Your graduation affords me the very pleasant opportunity to wish you success in everything you undertake. If you try as hard from now on as you have to graduate you are bound to succeed. Give some thought to the affairs of your Province and Country as well as to your own business and you will help others to succeed also. We can all make this a glorious place to live.

Yours faithfully,

C. E. Gerhart.

WITH THE SCHOOL BOARD'S WISHES FOR THE SUCCESS OF THE YEAR BOOK

In order to explain the function of the School Board your school can be compared to a car.

The car body is the school building.

Six cylinders are six class rooms—a piston for each becomes six teachers

The principal is the switch and supplies the spark to start operations.

The riding qualities of any car are improved by four good tires and a school rides along with its social activities. Without such tires as "Cadets" "Students' Unions" "Dramatics Club" and "Sports" the average school car would be a comfortless sort of vehicle with no riding qualities.

This is true of the parents who are represented by the springs—the necessary give and take, for smoothness and comfort could be marred by an unnatural biased attitude on the part of parents.

With the radiator and cooling system in place in the form of a good care-

taker who does not "Boil Over" the school car is about ready for the road to higher education.

But we must not forget that we need Gas and Oil—that is where the taxpayer is asked to contribute—the engine of our car burns taxes and the more power developed the more taxes. The Oil comes from the Provincial Government in the form of a grant. It is only fair to point out that many an engine is skimped along on insufficient oil to the detriment of the whole car.

The car runs well and smoothly when not overloaded—too many pupils mean an overload on the engine and also some of them may not get to see as much as the more fortunate children in the front seat.

And where does the School Board come in? Oh yes, the Board is the crank—the Board is very necessary to start the proceedings and without a crank the car would not move. So the Board cranks the car and is always ready to spin the motor when necessary.

J. Mayhew, Chairman.

A Message from Grade Twelve

Three years ago when we were on the threshold of our High School career, the day when we would graduate seemed far away. Now that day has dawned and with the full realization of it comes a tinge of regret. In years to come, when memories return, the fun we had in Coronation High will be uppermost in our minds.

We are proud that the Year Book, "Scarlet and Black" materialized during our time at school. It shows what can be accomplished by a well organized and interested student body. Without the aid and perseverance of conscientious teachers, such as ours, a project of this nature could never be fully developed.

We firmly believe that what we have learned in Coronation High will have a direct bearing upon the remainder of our lives. We are profound believers in the ideals of education and what it strives for. We feel certain that we can uphold the traditions of our school, and wherever we may go or whatever we may do, we know this: "If we never forsake Coronation High, it will never forsake us."

Departure

You're starting on your own, my friend, you've closed the schoolhouse door,
You'll tread the old familiar road and hear the bell no more,
Now many new and luring roads are beckoning your feet,
And in the mart of world and men, you too, must soon compete.

You're young, ambitious, full of hope, you mean to write your name
Upon the scroll of victory, nor seek a life that's tame;
Some will win and some will lose and some will be content
To always walk the middle road upon this firmament.

First find your place, be sure you're right, then steam full ahead
Square pegs in rounded holes bring grief, the ancient maxim said,
Have faith in self, 'tis not conceit, to keep your standard high,
Convince the world that it needs you, you can if you but try.

Waste not your time for life is short and there is much to learn
A small but brimming vessel rather than an empty urn,
Seek independence for old age, for there is nought of shame
In seeking wealth if in the search you always play the game.
Be fair my friends to those who fail, be kind to those who fall
Perhaps they fought a losing fight you never knew at all,
Be clean in body, soul and mind, reveal the God in man,
Contact keep with the Infinite and seek to know His plan.

A Message from Mayor Anderson

To the Coronation High School Students:

In a few words I would like to express my appreciation of the co-operation you have shown with your instructors, and of the advancement you have made during the past year. I am sure that all those of you who have made this progress with conscientious effort will always be proud of yourselves, which is one of the main stepping stones for a successful life.

I will also compliment you on the publication of this your second year book. It is an ambitious undertaking and is bound to pay dividends of satisfaction and interest in years to come.

To those who have completed their schooling here and are going on to attend University, or are about to take up life's work, I wish you continued success.

J. Anderson

Editorial

Once again our efforts have resulted in the publication of another Year Book; the second such book, as far as we know, in the school's history. Needless to say, it is our sincere hope that it will live up to the standard set by last year's edition. We believe it will do that.

You may ask why these books are compiled. Some may put it down merely as the "desire of kids to do something." Fortunately, it has much deeper roots than that. We of the C.H.S. know that our school is part of a great and glorious something called "education." We may think of our school as an "institution of a sort (you may not agree)—an institution wherein young minds are molded and nourished until they become a thinking, acting, reasoning force, ready to depend on themselves and create something new. We are proud to think that we have been taught in this manner; and that our minds have not been shaped so as to emerge as something that conceives only hate, war, and death. Hence this Year Book is a lasting record of the "life" of the C.H.S. during 1943-44—the record of the life of "the moldier" during that time—the record of the great sculptor of the mind, our school. In our future life we cannot forget "the moldier."

S. F. Burgman.



High Flight

OH, I have slipped the surly bonds of earth
And danced the skies on laughter-silvered wings;
Sunward I've climbed and joined the tumbling mirth
Of sun-split clouds—and done a hundred things
You have not dreamed of—wheeled and soared and swung
High in the sunlit silence. Hov'ring there,
I've chased the shouting wind along and flung
My eager craft through footless halls of air.
Up, up the long delirious, burning blue
I've topped the wind-swept heights with easy grace,
Where never lark, or even eagle flew;
And while with silent, lifting mind I've trod
The high untrespassed sanctity of space,
Put out my hand, and touched the face of God.

PILOT OFFICER JOHN GILLESPIE MAGEE



PERSONAL SKETCHES

GRADE TWELVE

Christina Bernhardt (17)

Who keeps the books for the Students' Union?

Who keeps the Post Office business booming?

Christina.

Who for the C.G.I.T. is Sec.?

Who lets her own work go to heck?

Christina.

Who vows Grade XII will be her death?

Who raves at Math. till out of breath?

Christina.

Lorna Banks (18)

Lorna Banks from Manville came,
Her disposition wins her fame.

Her quiet manners, smiling face
Have won her friends in every place.

Grace Drinnan (19)

Grace came to us from Gadsby
Some forty miles away.

They had no teacher for the school
So here she came to stay.

Her winning smile and happy ways
Endeared her to our hearts.

And many friends she'll leave
In C.H.S. when she departs.

Gordon Hay (17)

Hay's a curly-headed good-natured boy,

The thought of a dance makes him jump with joy,

He's good at sports and all kinds of games,

And everyone knows he's good with the dames.

As S.U. President he was supreme,
The Grand Challenge Trophy he helped to redeem.

To be a good druggist is his aim in life,

And to make Betty C. his dear little wife.

Smirl Burgman (17)

Professor we call him
Because he's so clever,
Smirl Burgman's the name
That will live on forever.

He's a scientist true
And dreams of the stars,
Not Hollywood spun
But Venus and Mars.
Has a beast of a temper,
But good humor too,
And keeps the whole High School
From e'er feeling blue.

Lionel Watson (17)

Cherryblossom, Barrymore, which-ever you may say

He's a genuine fellow in each and every way.

He's a whiz at Mathematics,
Of his ambition he won't crow,
But in Hollywood you'll find him
With his "horse sense" in a show.

Eileen Lindmark (17)

Eileen is the girl with the pale blue eyes,

She's cute, She's blonde and just the right size;

She doesn't like school, that's plain to see,

But she's willing to study stenography.

Marion Ross (17)

As "Rossy" she is known,
Through High School she has flown,
Her studies rank with the best
Surpassing many of the rest.

The caretaker's daughter is she,
A teacher she hopes to be,
Her acting ability will show
When as a teacher we her do know.

Twila Ekman—18.

Twila off to Calgary went,

To finish Grade XII she was fully bent,
But couldn't stay for the duration,
So back she came to Coronation.

Oscar Kortgaard (18)

Oh! Oscar is plump but as hard as a rock,
He comes from hardy Norwegian stock,
He's good at his studies and also at sports,
He's a regular fellow, the good-humored sort,
He is exceedingly proud of his race,
And meets life's problems face to face.

Michael Kot (18)

A finer fellow you can never meet,
As a studious person he can't be beat,
From Federal he comes each day on his bike,
To take up the subjects he really does like.

George Twa (17)

George from Talbot is seventeen,
Quite tall but not so very lean,
He takes a great part in playing ball,
But, Oh my goodness! how he does fall
For the girls, who are all his queens.

Gordon Noren (18)

Noren's a Swede, he'll proudly proclaim,
While playing the piano he has won great fame,
He neglects his studies to work on his truck,
And passes his tests, just trusting to luck.
After school he works in his father's store,
He's a good-hearted fellow right through to the core.

GRADE ELEVEN**Margaret Dooling: (17)**

Her hair is black and wavy
Her eyes are hazel brown
'Twas last year she left Brownfield
To come to school in town.
A very efficient person
To her, schoolwork's a cinch
Her disposition's always the same
She'll reach her star with ne'er a flinch.

Douglas Lind: (17)

Douglas Lind is a merry young man,
He's very neat and spic and span,
Besides holding hands across the aisle,
He goes around really dressed in style.
He has dark, wavy hair,
And he walks with an air.
His cheery smile is liked by all;
We'll all be sorry when he leaves this fall.

Ruth Benson (16)

Ruth's great at sports as you could honestly say,
After seeing from sidelines the game she can play,
At playing the piano she also excels
A teacher she'll be, our prophet foretells.

Charlotte Sande (16)

A great poetess Charlotte will be
If she keeps on as well in English Three.
In Music One she continues to bring
Great joy to the class as she does sing.
Her acting ability was clearly shown;
As a married woman she became well known,
The play 'Spring Fever' is the name
Which brought to her this amateur fame.

Loreene Easton (17)

From Federal hails Loreen,
She's cheerful as a Queen,
Very talkative and gay
Smiling brightly all the way.
Her attendance in school is the best
we must say;
She seldom, if ever, misses a day.
And when she's a teacher, and goes
far away,
We hope she'll remember us from
day to day.

Patricia Dafeo (17)

In recent years Pat has wonders
done
By having the Governor's medal
won.
From four to six she spends her
time
Making the drug store's register
chime.

Geraldine Wallace (17)

As an amateur actress Gerry excels
But about French II she has much
to tell,
Her sunny wiles and cheery
laughter
Bring bright smiles forever after.

Frances Owen (19)

She loves to fight, she loves to act,
She loves a snack, that is a fact.
The villain's role is her delight,
She does not mind to look a sight.
But when it comes to her pet hate,
It's mathematics, we should state

Doris Wilson (17)

She's tall and dark, with eyes of
brown,
And came last year into this town,
She likes to play her old guitar
Making friends both near and far.
Her major aim in life we see,
Is going to be stenography.
But now a soldier's won her heart,
With Business School she'll likely
part.

Dorothy Farwell (17)

A native daughter with natural air,
Her height is regal, her face is fair;
All her work she does with zest
At solving equations she is best.

Sarah Aisanstat (16)

Sarah as a pastime
Spends her after-fours
Helping with the clerking
Of her father's Grocery Store.
Collecting records, playing jazz,
Or tuning in the dials,
Help to make her sunny life
Filled with "Sonny" smiles.

Mary Stoltz (16)

Mary Stoltz who has grey-blue eyes
To Coronation came to take her
"High;"
She works real hard and there isn't
a soul
Who doesn't believe she'll reach her
goal.
She's a good-natured kid, we know
'tis so,
She doesn't mind a bit when we
shout "How's Joe?"
Though she's quiet and modest, she
likes to play
And believes that "Tomorrow is
another day."

Phyllis Aronyk (18)

Blue-eyed, blond haired, tall and
slim,
Cheerful, happy too.
No wonder the boys are jealous of
him
Who taught her how to woo.
True friend she is and lots of fun,
When troubles make us weary,
She spreads our schooldays with
the sun
Of her nature, bright and cheery.

George Twa: "I'm a little stiff from
baseball."

Eileen: "I don't care where you're
from."

GRADE TEN

John Waltham (16)

Johnny's no giant, speaking of size,
But to say he's weak is a titanic
lie;
And we know for a fact that he's
got what it takes,
When he starts to work, for school-
time's sake.
He's a snapper at sports and a
good-humored guy,
And a topic for girls each time he
goes by.

Maralyn Merchant (16)

Maralyn is a dark-haired, brown-
eyed girl and lives in the country,
some four miles from town.
Always cheerful, always bright,
Ready for fun both day and night,
She is constantly happy, hoping
to be
Someday studying stenography.

Donald Merchant (17)

Donald Merchant is a jolly type
of a man.
He loves to go courting in his Ford
Sedan;
Has a bad temper and can argue
too.
He's good at dancing and playing
tunes for you.
He's an all round good chap the
pupils do say
Without Don in the class, school
wouldn't be gay.

Muriel Miller (17)

Her hair is red, her eyes are brown
The shortest girl in school.
A smile for all the whole day round,
Her name is Mur-e-ul.
From Bulwark way she came one
day
To take up studies here.
To make new friends at work or
play
And wile away the year.

Leo Girard (17)

Leo is a quiet sort of guy,
Whose pastime is attending Corona-
tion High.
At art and music he has a great
quirk,
And never his homework does he
shirk.
His hobbies are varied, but of the
best,
And often does dance all evening
without rest.

Yvonne Girard (18)

Yvonne Girard, so kind and sweet,
Has curls like silk that can't be
beat.
She is so neat, and good at art,
With Leo at the piano she does her
part.

Mary Plehnert (16)

A young girl from Federal came,
Mary Plehnert is her name.
She has blue eyes with brownish
hair,
And does her work with utmost
care.
Maybe you've been told by her
She wants to be a stenographer.

Elizabeth Robinson (16)

'Twas late in October when all was
cool
That Beth left Whittaker to go to
school.
Her life ambition she doesn't know
And since she seems to like to sew
With threads or else with seeds so
round
I do believe she'll settle down
With some fine soldier—Lucky boy
He'll have to be a real McCoy.

Jim Twa (15)

Oh! Jim is a beaming healthy young
guy
Without any home work he seems
to get by;
He gets along swell in all his work
And yet from that he doesn't shirk.

Kathie Bernhardt (15)

Kathie works harder than most in
her class,
And with Jack Stannard she often
does clash;
She's a jolly good friend
And with enemies contends
But she'll finish her ten in a flash.

Vona Carter (15)

Vona Carter is her name
Though we call her Penny
She's noted for her singing fame
And her friends are very many.
She's tall and slender, has blue eyes,
And makes a hit with lots of guys.
She does not lack our city charm
Even though she came from a farm.

William Kot

"Willie" comes in on the bike each
morning with brother Mike. He is
a very agile athlete and was a keen
contestant at the local track meet.
He is a hard worker and delights in
entertaining the girls in his class.

Gordon Williams (15) "Sally"

Pet saying "Shucks"
Ambition—To be an engineer.
He's good at hockey so I hear
And at curling he's a dear.
He hails from Rimbey near.
And aims to be an engineer.

Jack Stannard (16)

Grade ten has many glamor boys,
One of which is Jack.
In class or play his voice is strong,
He argues fast, he argues long.
He's a whiz at playing ball
A catcher for Grade Ten.
A genuine lad, liked by all.

Joyce Easton (16)

She's friendly and she's pleasant,
We've never seen her blue.
She always does her homework
—If there's nothing else to do.

Louise Heidecker (16)

Louise, it is a queenly name,
In what does she excel?
She is our star first baseman,
As a slugger she is swell.
When breezes whisper of her name,
All good of her they tell.

Allan McArthur (16)

A head of dark locks,
A heart made of gold,
As strong as a rock,
A voice loud and bold;
The mind of an intellect
That you couldn't charter,
Put them together—
You've got—Allan McArthur.

Gladys Kisch (16)

Gladys Kisch is her name
From Brownfield town they say
she came.
Her eyes are brown, her hair is too,
But there's not much chance for any
of you.
A soldier boy just came her way
And with him now she longs to stay.

Kenneth Clark (16)

Kenneth goes to Coronation Hi'
Fond of fun and loves his studies,
Ken applies the Golden Rule
To every one of his buddies.
He's the Governor's medal winner
And in Grade ten he's doing fine.
In week-ends he longs to linger,
With a blonde to dance and dine.

Douglas Howg (16)

Doug comes straight from Silver
Heights,
Hockey and ball are his delights,
He's a very nimble athlete,
And always bright and neat.
He thoroughly enjoys a hockey
game,
And most league players he can
name.
He's jolly and lots of fun, of course,
His ambition—to join the Airforce.

Carl Plehnert (17)

Carl is Mary's older brother. He is the tallest boy in Grade ten, and perhaps, one of the hardest workers. Batching with his sister above the theatre should certainly train him for future domestic responsibility in the years to come.

Leslie Whitnack (15)

Leslie comes from Brownfield
Stays with his sister in town
He's a happy-go-lucky fellow
And we seldom see him frown.

Dorothea Quaife (16)

Dorothea hails from Evergood district. She's tall and slim with dark eyes the envy of all girls in the Hi-school. She and her inseparable companion make the school's "Mutt and Jeff" team.

Mr. Butterfield

"Geographic representative of the A.T.A."

That's the latest honor for Butterfield, Ray.

A capable Lieutenant of the local Cadet Corps,

Ambition and industry exude from every pore.

His skill and versatility are well-known through the town.

His affability and wit will banish any frown.

Of our Principal, 'tis proud we can be,

And this includes his charming wife and wee family.

Mrs. Noonan

Hats off to Mrs. Noonan!

She won her "Jack" by croonin'.

We think her young son Mickey

Is just too cute and "tricky."

She teaches French and English

With so much zest and relish!

As for our class in knitting,

The things we make are "fitting"!

THE TEAR-GAS EXERCISE

The afternoon was passing quickly,
Three forty-five grew near;

The cadets came marching

from the hall,

With us to shed a tear.

Into the room they calmly walked

And soon were with us seated

While Mr. Butterfield and George

Brought capsules to be heated.

The doors were held and we were

warned

That when the fumes should rise,

To not stampede and rush about

And not to rub the eyes.

At first we laughed and thought it fun

As capsules 'round us burst;

But soon the gas affected us,

The nearest suffering first.

The tears were streaming down

our cheeks

Preventing all our vision,

And fumes were ever choking

We students who had risen.

At such a crying time as this

Friends' shoulders come in handy;

When at last advised to leave the room

We knew we should feel dandy.

Fresh air! fresh air! was all we gasped

As from the room we hurried

For of our eyesight some of us

Were very greatly worried.

Eventually the room was cleared

And windows opened wide,

As in the outer halls we stood

No attempt our tears to hide.

For two days after the episode

The gas stayed in the room,

And we were often wont to cry

Because of the Tear-Gas Fume.

Charlotte Sande.

What you think of the folks in the old home town is just about their opinion of you.

SOCIAL AFFAIRS

INITIATION

Following our old custom, twenty-five new students of Coronation High were initiated with Pat Dafoe, Gerry Wallace and Smirl Bergman in charge of the ceremony. Each "Freshie" appeared in their night apparel for the occasion. The "Hot Seat" proved to be very effective in most cases but those unmoved were treated to a cube of ice down the back of the neck. The proceedings ended with a march down Main Street to the astonishment of the local population.

DECEMBER 17

December 17 was the date of our very successful Christmas skating party at the dam. Thanks to George Twa and Gordon Hay, who with the help of Wallace's truck borrowed some ties from the C.P.R., we were provided with a bright and cheery bonfire. It lacked the romantic touch with the absence of the man in the moon, but Vona and McArthur skating continuously together didn't seem to notice it. George Twa, showing his skill at skating backwards bumped into what he thought was a skating couple but begging their humble pardon turned to find a post staring him in the face. At 9:30 weary skaters trooped back into town where "dress clothes" were donned and all assembled at the school.

Room 6 was appropriately decorated in red and green with artistic drawings on the boards done by Sarah and Smirl. The orchestra consisting of Mrs. Noonan, Mr. Butterfield and Jim Snyder provided the peppy music to which we all danced. Owing to the surplus of girls several took the boys'

role to provide more couples. The most popular girl there was Hay's girl friend "Rosie" who provided a great many laughs. "Rosie" was a broom beautifully garbed in a most becoming silk dress, white hat, gloves and corsage. Thanks to Mrs. Ross the merry-makers were served steaming coffee, hot dogs and delicious cookies. After a few more dances the committee cleaned the rooms and everyone went home talking about the enjoyable evening they had just spent.

DECEMBER 23

Owing to the absence of a public Christmas concert the High School put on their own, the afternoon of the twenty-third. The program consisted mainly of the ever lovely Christmas carols sung by the Music class. The play "The Mess" with Jack Stannard, Jim Twa, Allan McArthur, Ken Clark and Oscar Kortgard was well acted giving enjoyment to all. The "Meller-drama" read by Kathie Bernhardt and acted by Frances Owen, Phyllis Aronyk, Marion Ross, Doris Wilson, Oscar Kortgard, Johnny Waltham, Christina Bernhardt and Dorothy Farwell provided many hearty laughs. It had been previously decided that presents were to be given within a price limit of from 10 to 15 cents. The gifts varied from canned baby food to dolly dingles. The most amusing of all however was the enormous hair bow that Mr. Butterfield received. Lunch, consisting of cookies and apples donated by Mr. Butterfield sent us all home in a mood fitting to the season.

FEBRUARY 25

This program was put on by Grade

ten. The two plays presented by the students were greatly enjoyed by the audience. Solos were rendered by Gladys Kisch and Vona Carter with an accordion performance by Johnny Waltham. This was followed by a contest directed by Kathie Bernhardt and ended with a sing-song.

At the time of writing we have not had our annual school banquet but the date has been set at June 30. A hike has been planned at June 2 by the executive.

HIGHLIGHTS OF THE HIKE

At 7:30 p.m. on June 2nd, some fifty-odd students attired in hiking apparel assembled at the school from whence they journeyed eastward to an ideal picnic spot in Beairsto's pasture. Mr. Butterfield took the boys out for a friendly game of ball, while the girls, under the supervision of Mrs. Noonan participated in various games such as, dodge ball and skinning the snake. After an hour had elapsed, everyone pitched in to gather wood and prepare the lunch. Toasted hot-dogs and delicious coffee brewed by Chef Butterfield really "hit the spot". Doughnuts and marshmallows were passed out later and everyone was "uncomfortably full".

At 10 o'clock, the party adjourned to the school where an impromptu dance took place. The peppy music was provided by Mrs. Noonan, Mr. Butterfield and Gordon Noren. The dances ranged from square dances and heel-and-toe to jitterbugging. At last Mac-Arthur came into his own by not missing a dance. Even though everyone looked "a mess", this evening went down in our social register as the highlight of the year.

STUDY OF GEOGRAPHY

Waitress: "Hawaii gentlemen, youse guys must be Hungary to eat in a dump like this."

First man: "Yes Siam, and we can't Rumania long either. Venice lunch ready?"

Waitress: "I'll Russia to a table. Will you Havana?"

First man: "Nome, you can wait on us yourself."

Waitress: "Good. Japan the menu-yet? The Turkey is Nice."

First man: "Anything at all. But can't Jamaica little speed?"

Waitress: "I don't think we can Fiji that fast but Alaska."

First man: "Never mind asking anyone. Just put a Cuba sugar in my Java."

Waitress: "Sweden it yourself, I'm only here to Servia."

First man: "Denmark our bill and call the Bosphorus. He'll probably Kenya. I don't Bolivia know who I am."

Waitress: "No! And I don't Carri-bean. Youse guys sure Armenia."

Boss: "Samoa your wise cracks, is it? Don't Genoa customer is always right? What's got India, anyway? You think maybe this arguing Alps business?"

Customer: "Canada racket. It's a Spain in the neck."

Chop your own wood—it will heat you twice.

A father gave his little boy two coins, a 25¢ piece and a 5¢ piece, telling him to contribute one of them at the missionary meeting. When it was over the father asked the boy which of the coins he had given and why.

"I gave the 5¢ piece" the boy replied, "for the preacher said we must give cheerfully, and I couldn't give the 25¢ piece cheerfully."

Here's a good wartime thought: Never shoot your victim if you can bash his skull in with the butt of your gun—**You save ammunition that way!**

C. H. S. SPORTS

By Gordon Hay

It is a recognized fact that sports play an important part in the life of school students in institutions of learning all over Canada.

We have realized that education is not the fitting of the individual to a life of money-grubbing but a preparation for the living of a life of usefulness to your fellow men and fullness for yourself. The foundation of this preparation lies in a great measure in sports.

In these days of psychological terms we say that sports are an important factor in the awakening of the social consciousness of the youth and the prevention of the world population of introverts. It stimulates activity, creates a healthy body and a healthy mind and certainly provides fine lessons in team work and co-operation. Self-confidence, sportsmanship in all walks of life, the competitive spirit and that immeasurably valuable hail well-met comaradie that is entirely missing in the bookish type of student is the gift of athletics.

Lastly it creates a school spirit which is of great value in securing the much needed co-operation of students and teachers. With the coming of the war we have had to drop many of our activities but as usual we still "carry on."

Curling

The High School Curling Club commenced a very successful winter by selecting a group of six to skip a rink each. The skips were as follows: Geraldine Wallace, George Twa, Chris-

tine Bernhardt, Marion Ross, Gordon Noren and Smirl Burgman.

A group of High School girls entered the Ladies' Bonspiel but as Lady Luck refused to smile on them they did not get into the prizes.

The Bonspiel this year witnessed another great upset with a team of Freshies overcoming another team skipped by a more experienced curler. The winning team was composed of: Don Merchant, skip; Jack Stannard, third; Ken Clark, second; and Clarice Nicoud, lead. The losing team being: Marion Ross, skip; Gordon Williams, third; Dorothy Farwell, second; and Kathie Bernhardt, lead. The George Twa rink won first in the consolation.

One of the most enthusiastic curlers of the bonspiel was Allan (General) MacArthur, who, although it was his first season, condescended to skip a rink and made a remarkably good showing.

Ladies' Rifle Club

A Rifle Club under the capable leadership of M. R. Butterfield was formed with the following officers being elected:

Geraldine Wallace, President; Pat Dafoe, Vice-President; Charlotte Sande, Secretary. The following is a list of the members:

Frances Owen	Mrs. Shillington
Doris Wilson	Helen McArthur
Charlotte Sande	Linda Stockwell
Beth Gibson	Elizabeth Robinson
Mrs. Noonan	Kathie Bernhardt.
Pat Dafoe	Christina Bernhardt
Phyllis Aronyk	Margaret Dooling
Ruth Benson	Geraldine Wallace
Vona Carter	Dorothy Farwell
Mildred Sande	Sarah Aisanstat

Softball

Once more Coronation High School boys rallied together to form a softball team. They journeyed to Talbot on May 24, only to be defeated by a score of 9 to 4. The team was as follows:

Catcher—Jack Stannard.
Pitcher—Gordon Williams.
First base—Gordon Noren.
Second base—George Twa.
Third base—Gordon Hay.
Short stop—Donald Merchant.
Left field—Oscar Kortgaard.
Centre field—Lionel Watson.
Right field—Johnny Waltham.
Rover—Douglas Howg.
Subs—Mike Kot, Allan MacArthur.

WINNERS OF TRACK MEET RIBBONS

Coronation Sub-Local A.T.A., May 23

Dash

Girls 15-16—Ruth Benson 1, Vona Carter 2. Boys 15-16—William Kot 1, John Waltham 2. Girls 17 over—Muriel Miller 1, Frances Owen 2, Yvonne Girard 3. Boys 17 over—Gordon Hay 1, George Twa 2, Don Merchant 3.

High Jump

Girls 15-16—Ruth Benson 1, Vona Carter 2, Maralyn Merchant 3. Boys 15-16—William Kot 1. Girls 17 over—Frances Owen 1, Muriel Miller 2, Christina Bernhardt 3. Boys 17 over—Gordon Hay 1, Michael Kot 2, Don Merchant 3.

Running Broad Jump

Girls 15-16—Ruth Benson 1, Maralyn Merchant 2, Vona Carter 3. Boys 15-16—Jim Twa 2. Girls 17 over—Frances Owen 1, Muriel Miller 2, Clarice Nicoud 3. Boys 17 over—Gordon Hay 1, Oscar Kortgaard 2, Don Merchant 3.

Hop-Step-Jump

Girls 15-16—Ruth Benson 1, Vona Carter 3. Boys 15-16—William Kot 1.

Girls 17 over—Frances Owen 1, Christina Bernhardt 2, Clarice Nicoud 3. Boys 17 over—Don Merchant 1, Gordon Hay 2.

Ball Throw

Girls 15-16—Ruth Benson 1, Louise Heidecker 2, Vona Carter 3. Boys 15-16—John Waltham 2, Jack Stannard 3. Girls 17 over—Muriel Miller 1, Phyllis Aronyk 2, Marion Ross 3. Boys 17 over—Gordon Hay 1, Michael Kot 2, Don Merchant 3.

Shot Put

Girls 13 over—Ruth Benson 1, Louise Heidecker 3. Boys 13 over—Gordon Hay 1, Jim Twa 3.

Pole Vaulting

Boys 13 over—Gordon Hay 3.

—————V—————

Mr. Butterfield: (taking current events) "and what do you know about the Benedictine Monastery?"

Christine: (just waking up) "He's the commander of the British Eighth Army."

—————v—————

Mr. Butterfield: (who was marking the register at the beginning of the month and asking for ages) "Oscar?"

Oscar: (who came in late and was looking at his mark in Chemistry) "65!"

—————v—————

Mr. Butterfield: (pointing out the way some people notice things) "what is the first thing you notice about ears?"

Jim: "Whether they are dirty or not!"

—————v—————

Robust Old Gentleman: (to a sick woman who had just arrived at a health resort) "When I first came here I hadn't strength to utter a word, I had scarcely a hair on my head, I couldn't walk across the room and I had to be lifted from my bed."

Sick Woman: "You give me great hope. How were you cured?"

Robust Old Gent. "I was born here."

DRAMATICS

DRAMATICS

In keeping with the precedent set in former years, the Dramatics Club presented a play this term.

The Club selected for its performance the three-act comedy of youth, "Spring Fever." This is the story of Jacky Howard (Jim Twa) who is the typical young man of seventeen. He carries the weight of the world on his shoulders. Since his father's death, his younger sister, Peggy (Gerry Wallace) and his mother Bertha (Pat Dafoe) have been living with Aunt Eulalie (Marion Ross). It is a struggle to exist because the money the father left them is being saved for the childrens' education, and they receive no assistance from the married brother, Price (George Twa) because of his wife Donna (Charlotte Sande). Jacky feels dependent on his spinster aunt and would like to support them all. At present, he is involved in his first romance. The object of his adoration is Spring Billington (Eileen Lindmark), the belle of the town. Jacky and his rivals find it rather difficult to keep up with Spring and her many whims and fancies. Every week or so she seems to have a new ideal. First it is Bill Powell; then Bing Crosby; and finally President Roosevelt himself. Naturally, trying to live up to these many personalities keeps the boys on the jump. This is especially true of Jacky, who has just invented a product that is eventually bound to make him a millionaire!

Peggy intends to finance her brother's invention by selling hair tonic, a product of her own make. A neighbor buys it and her hair starts falling out, much to the maid Tessie's (Frances

Owen) woe. To further add to the troubles, Aunt Euly's stocks go down almost to nothing just when she has fallen in love with the athletic coach Mr. Knight (Gordon Hay) of Jacky and his pal Ray Butler (Gordon Noren). Things seem pretty hopeless when the tide turns and certain events happen that seem to guarantee the family's future independence and happiness.

An idea of the time required to prepare a play can be had from the fact that seventy-two hours actual practise time as well as forty-three rehearsals were required, to say nothing of the time spent by the members of the cast. in learning their lines.

All are agreed that it was not all hard work with no fun. There was a delightful series of parties at the homes of some of the members of the cast. They were Hay's, Ross's, Wallace's, and Butterfield's.

The play was scheduled for March 31, but unfortunately Eileen Lindmark suffered an attack of appendicitis the night before and underwent an operation the next morning. The play was postponed to May 5. The "let down" after the "build up" was profound, but with encouragement from Mr. Butterfield, the cast returned to rehearsals with renewed vigor. When presented the play was enthusiastically received. The Elks Hall was filled to capacity.

On Wednesday May 10, the play was presented in Veteran to a large and appreciative audience. Friday May 12, saw its presentation at Talbot to another record audience. A highlight of the trip to Talbot was the generous hospitality extended to

the members of the cast. Special thanks are due to Mrs. R. J. Twa who provided a splendid supper.

Financially, the play was a huge success also. A summary of receipts shows:

March 31. Advance sales	
Coronation -----	\$ 70.65
March 31. First Dance --	67.75
May 5. (At Door) ----	93.50
Dance. -----	65.00
May 10. Veteran -----	100.00
May 12. Talbot -----	66.15
	\$463.05

Of the receipts at Veteran \$50 was turned over to the sponsoring organization. At Talbot \$25 was turned over to the hall committee. The objective of the Dramatics Club was a movie projector. A permit having been secured from the W.P.T.B., an order has been placed for the purchase of a 16-mm. silent machine.

To round off the activities for the year, the cast enjoyed a banquet at the cafe and social gathering at Butterfield's. The evening was a fitting conclusion for a year of hard, but enjoyable work.

The cast presented Mr. and Mrs. Butterfield with a gift as a token of appreciation for Mr. Butterfield's capable and patient direction and Mrs. Butterfield's generous hospitality.

—v—

Proclamation—Aural Appendages

Big ears, little ears, floppy ears, elfin ears, everyone a character unto itself. He with the big ears shall go through life with the great, generous heart. Freely shall he give of that which he hath, and never a tinge of remorse shall be experienced. Ye of the small ears, be watchful for thou art surely of the miserly and stingy type. Poor souls, never will ye be aware of the life which joins with the free and happy heart. Oh, but pity the man with the floppy ears, for

surely his life is destined to be one of woe. He must reconcile himself to an existence of awkward movements and clumsy position. Be thankful ye fortunate creatures with the elfin ears. Your lot shall be one of dainty gestures, a light heart and fairy feet.

Here ye, here ye, listen to my timely advice. Remember it matters not what thy appearance be. Verily I say unto you thou all hast a job to perform, see you to it thou heareth me well. Keep this secret locked in thy bosom, so thou may serve thy master well. Hear only that which is good of your neighbor by living at peace with all.

—V—

1943—44

Vona	Carter
William	Kot
Kenneth	Clark
Clarice	Nicoud
Jack	StanNard
Jim	TwA
John	WalTham
Kladys	KIsh
Archie	BrOwn
Donald	MerchanT
Mary	PleHnert
Beth	RobInson
Yvonne	Girard
Carl	PleHnert
Gordon	WilliamS
Leslie	WhitnaCk
Kathie	BernHardt
Douglas	HOwg
Joyce	EastOn
Muriel	MillLer
Leo	Girard
Maralyn	MeRchant
Allan	McArthur
Louise	HeiDecker
Dorothea	QuaifE
Principal	Mr. BuTterfield
Inspector	Mr. SwEet
Vice-Principal	(Mrs.) Noonan
	By Yvonne Girard.

The Dramatics Club of Coronation High School

PRESENTS

“SPRING FEVER”

A COMEDY OF YOUTH IN THREE ACTS

Directed by Ray Butterfield

— CAST —

Jacky Howard	- who has “Spring Fever” all the year ’round -	Jim Twa
Price	- - - - - his married brother	- - - George Twa
Ray Butler	- - - - - his chum	- - - Gordon Noren
Mr. Knight	- - - an athletic coach	- - - Gordon Hay
Peggy	- - - - - Jack’s kid sister	- Geraldine Wallace
Bertha	- - - - - their mother	- - - Patricia Dafoe
Eulalie Barnes	- - - her sister	- - - Marion Ross
Donna Howard	- - - Price’s wife	- - - Charlotte Sande
Spring Billington	- Jacky’s weakness	- - Eileen Lindmark
Tessie	- - - - - the maid and cook	- - Frances Owen

Elks Hall, Coronation, MAY 5, 1944

ADMISSION—45c, 35c, 25c.

8:30 p.m.

DANCE AFTER with the “MUSIC MAKERS.” Admission 35c & 25c.

A Trip to Mars

(By Gordon Hay)

The night of March 31, 1986 proved to be a very restless one for all the party, something like Christmas Eve is to some youngsters, for at day-break early the next morning we were to wave farewell to friends at La Guardia field and begin our trip to the supposedly uninhabited planet of Mars. I think the party consisting of Dr. Barnes a scientist, Jack Strather a mechanic, Bill Summer a reporter, Joe Wayne a physician and me, felt as nervous as the Wright Brothers at Kittyhawk in 1904, for interplanetary travel was as new to us as the airplane was to them.

Months had been spent on preparation and calculations. Our ship, the Premier, had jets for rockets that would carry us five thousand miles at a time but our range difficulty was overcome by an agreement that Jack Strather would place a new rocket in a jet as soon as the preceding one had burnt itself out. By experimentation we calculated that a rocket would burn itself out about every half hour and this meant that we would need approximately five hundred rockets for the trip there and back. Our greatest problem, therefore, was lack of space for our flying equipment and the food that we would need. To overcome this Dr. Barnes and Joe Wayne built a suitable airtight cabinet with oxygen tanks at each end of it. Each day before the takeoff we checked and rechecked the items to be sure that nothing was missing.

At last the first rays of dawn appeared on the horizon and the party was not long in rising and ready for the great day that was ahead of us. After a hurried meal, we raced to the fields to find that even at that time of the morning a large crowd had

gathered to wish us Bon Voyage. We boarded the Premier and prepared for the take off. Then with a mighty roar and a searing tongue of flame we were on our way to a great adventure that might even mean death.

Chapter Two

ROCKETS ACROSS THE VOID

Everything seemed to be going according to plan when there appeared almost from nowhere a number of hostile rocket ships. Jack was the first to see these ships and he yelled to me to look over to the left. Motioning for Jack to take over the controls, I went forward to the apparatus which I had designed especially to meet such occurrences. The Uranians, who we found to be flying these crafts, dived upon us. Within the Premier the audio-vision plates picked up the radio flashes from the Uranian ships. Like a cloud of angry hornets they struck at the Premier. Shells exploded with terrific force against her sides but the secretly made cosmoluminum of her plates shed the blows as though they had never struck. In the forward compartment I stood gazing into the detecto-screen and when I had an enemy ship squarely in my sights, I pressed the trigger and one after another of the hostile craft disappeared like bursting bubbles. Thoroughly demoralized by their great losses, the Uranians tried to escape. Jack overtook these fleeing craft, however, and dived before they could change direction. I pressed a button on the side of the atom gun carriage and from the mouth of the gun came not an atom shell but a gas almost invisible but capable of solidifying the molecules of the cosmic ray. As this cosmic gas is issued forth, it causes the molecules of the cosmic ray to contract forming a solid wall, invisible to the naked eye, but just the same as if it were possessed of buoyancy. The Uranians crash-

ed headlong into the barrier and plunged down through eternal space.

When we were nearing Mars a number of Martonian ships which had been out on a patrol flight began sending out frantic calls for help. These calls were picked up by our very special audio vision plates. Swinging round to our extreme right we went to the rescue. Drawing closer to the ships, the squadron leader explained to us that they had run low of rockets and would not be able to return to their home base. Hearing this, Jack went forward, and from a hatch beneath the Premier, he dropped his cosmagneto into place and directed it toward the Martonian ships. Then, turning its generator to quarter frequency he turned the power on and the ships followed the Premier like a group of gliders. And so, the group under the guidance of our super-ship arrived over the planet of Mars.

Chapter Three

48 MILLION MILES FROM HOME

Immediately upon landing the Premier was surrounded by a number of hideous creatures, but, you might say that they looked like earth men somewhat. Their heads were horribly small in comparison with the rest of their body. As we alighted, one of the members, who we supposed to be the King, stepped forward and began jabbering away in his native language, which of course none of us understood. Dr. Barnes however, began talking and making movements with his hands.

The King must have understood for he beckoned to us to follow. He lead us to a large city, the buildings of which were made entirely of glass. Still following, we went into a building, in the centre of the city, which must have been a laboratory or an experimental shop, for it was filled with chemicals and electrical equipment. Bidding us sit down in some chairs,

lining the wall, he placed over our head a helmet with wires and a small rubber tube leading from each into a single socket in the wall. Then going off to the side he pressed a small switch. We were immediately overcome by a strange gas which possessed certain supernatural powers.

When we had recovered we found ourselves lying on small cots in the King's palace. Jack Stracher was the first one to speak and to his and our dismay he spoke in a different language, the same that the King had used when he welcomed us. In case you, the reader, do not understand what I am trying to illustrate I will try to explain. The helmet had small rubber tubes leading to a gas chamber immediately behind us. This gas caused our brain to advance in knowledge faster and thus absorb the idea of the Martonian language much more easily and quickly.

Chapter Four

HOMEWARD BOUND

The unhappy day for us to cast away soon arrived and bidding farewell we were soon off and headed for home. The journey was very uneventful with everything running according to plan. When we had reached a point approximately one thousand miles from home Jack radioed the field that we would be there in about half an hour. As we drew nearer to La Guardia field we could see that crowds lined the field and cars stretched for about two miles along the highway from the airport.

As we alighted from the Premier we were literally mobbed by reporters and cameramen, but of course no story was given until Bill Summer had reported to his manager. Radio announcers had in such a short space of time arranged for a coast to coast broadcast that rather than disappoint them Bill gave a brief talk on all our

experiences. From La Guardia we were taken to the White House in Washington where the President held a banquet in our honor. Soon all the world had heard of our gallant party and our amazing adventures.

Gordon Hay.

The End.

NOT YELLOW PERIL

Mrs. Murphy: "What do you hear from your boy, Mike, in Australia?"

Mrs. Clancy: "It's bad news. He writes that he running around with a Jeep!"

Mrs. Murphy: "Don't worry, Mrs. Clancy, that's what they call those army automobiles."

Mrs. Clancy: "Praise the saints. I thought a jeep was a female Jap."

Smirl was the most bashful lad in town. Naturally, the family was astonished when he told them he was going courting. After spending an hour or so getting ready, he set out. Half-an-hour later he returned, looking very pleased with himself.

"You're back soon," said his mother, "How did you get on?"

"Alright," replied Smirl with a grin.

"Did you see her?"

"I sure did, and if I hadn't ducked down behind the hedge she'd have seen me too."

Definitions

A diplomat is a man who never forgets a lady's birthday, but never remembers her age.

A critic is a legless man who teaches running.

The secret of being a bore is to tell everything.

A pessimist is a man who lives with an optimist.

The class yell of the School of Experience is "ouch!"

Debate is the death of conversation.

MISS CORONATION HIGH

Hair—Margaret Dooling.

Eyes—Dorothea Quaife.

Eye Lashes—Kathie Bernhardt.

Nose—Doris Wilson.

Mouth—Charlotte Sande.

Ears—Pat Dafoe.

Chin—Eileen Lindmark.

Neck—Ruth Benson.

Figure—Joyce Easton.

Hands—Yvonne Girard.

Legs—Marion Ross.

Feet—Vona Carter.

Dimples—Grace Drinnan.

Complexion—Christina Bernhardt.

Personality—Mrs. Noonan.

Smile—Maralyn Merchant.

Laugh—Frances Owen.

Teeth—Sarah Aisanstat.

Manners—Lorna Banks

Reliability—Geraldine Wallace.

ROMEIO

Hair—Doug Lind.

Eyes—Archie Brown.

Nose—Doug Howg.

Mouth—Don Merchant.

Dimples—Jim Twa.

Neck—Jack Stannard.

Manners—Mike Kot.

Personality—Gordie Williams.

Physique—Gordon Hay.

Smile—Mr. Butterfield.

Laugh—Smirl Burgman.

Hands—Leo Girard.

Feet—Lionel Watson.

Eye Lashes—Johnny Waltham.

Legs—Oscar Kortgaard.

Reliability—George Twa.

Little Myra Lee had been in school but a few days when her mother had occasion to write a note to the teacher and signed herself "Mrs. Kent." Thinking she might have mistaken the child's name, the teacher asked for an explanation.

"Oh," said Myra with a charmingly confused air, "You see my mother got married again and I didn't."

GRADE XI



C. Sande



R. Benson



P. Aronyk



P. Dafeo



S. Aisanstat



Mr. Bütterfield



G. Wallace



M. Stoltz



F. Owen



D. Farewell



D. Lind



D. Wilson



M. Dooling



L. Easton



P. Beairsto



Curling Group



E. Adams



Cadets



Mr. Garr



School



Mrs. Shillington

GRADE XII



G. Drinnan



G. Twa



M. Ross



O. Kortgard



G. Noren



C. Bernhardt



Freshie Class 1943



E. Lindmark



M. Kot



Year Book Executive



G. Hay



T. Ekman



L. Banks



S. Burgnan



Play Cast in Costume



L. Watson

GRADE X



J. Twa



G. Kisch



Mrs. Noonan



M. Miller



L. Girard



C. Plehnert



V. Carter



Y. Girard



A. Brown



D. Merchant



E. Robinson



C. Nicoud



K. Bernhardt



G. Williams



W. Kot



M. Merchant



L. Heidecker



D. Quaife



A. McArthur



L. Whitnack



J. Easton



J. Stannard



M. Plehnert



K. Clark



J. Waltham



First Students Union Executive



D. Howg



G. E. Gerhart



Second Executive



C. Ross



Sgt. Wallace
Alec



Sgt. Gwilliam
Lowell



Sgt. Duncan
Bill



L.A.C. Ellis
Bruce



L.A.C. Cook
Melvin



Sgt. Thomas
Craig



Pte. Thomas
Albert

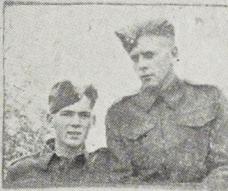
Ex. Students

Now

in

the

Forces.



Pte. Kerr
Robert



Cpl. Gwilliam
Keith



A.C.2
Robson A.



L.A.C. Neary
Bob

A.W.1 O'How A.C.1
Lily Albert



Pte. Crook
Clifford



Cpl. Luke
Wilfred



Staff Sgt. Mitchell
Dryden



Sgm. Anderson
Ken



Lieut. Thring
George



A.C.1 Thring
Wesley



Tpr. Taylor
Melvin

R. C. A. C.

ROYAL CANADIAN ARMY CADETS

674 Coronation (14 (R) Army Tank
Reg't) C. C.

Instructor, Lt. M. R. Butterfield

CQMS, Geo. Twa

CSM, W. Taylor

Platoon Sgt., J. Stannard

Corporals, D. Merchant, K. Clark, E. James

Lance Corporals, E. Clark, D. Hay, E. Towns

Seniors

A. Brown	C. Plehnert
K. Clark	J. Stannard
L. Girard	G. Twa
D. Howg	J. Twa
E. James	J. Waltham
W. Kot	L. Whitnack
A. MacArthur	G. Williams
D. Merchant	

Juniors

R. Anhorn	L. Moen
D. Bernhardt	C. O'Hov
A. Brigley	A. Oke
O. Brigley	B. Oke
E. Clark	H. Perkins
D. Hay	A. Sande
C. Kerr	E. Sande
R. Lund	E. Towns
D. McColl	R. Warnock

Associate Cadets

E. Clark	E. Guse
J. Hamner	T. McCalm
L. Hernstedt	W. Warnock

The Syllabus has been broadened this year making it more interesting for everyone. New equipment has been issued consisting of two field telephones, large signal lamp, anti-gas equipment, a number of .22 Cooley rifles, and innumerable other things.

The Cadets have been very active this year. They sponsored a dance on December 10 in a drive for funds to pay for the new uniforms. A demonstration of arms drill was given by the whole squad and the advanced squad did some precision movements. The dance and demonstration was enjoyed by all who attended.

Tear gas drill was held on January 26. Room 6 was used as a gas chamber. The room was filled with Cadets and students from the Hi-school. The gas was loosed in one corner of the room and slowly spread over the room, the ones at the front started to weep almost immediately. The CQMS carried the gas, which was on an electric hot plate, around the room so that everyone was affected equally. The inner room was soon emptied of people but not of tear gas. There were traces of gas through the room during the next two days.

Field tactics were demonstrated on the 27th of April. A bluff west of town was fortified by a group under C.S.M. Taylor (the defenders) which were armed with flour grenades. The attackers consisted of three squads lead by Sgt. Twa, Cpl. Merchant and Cpl. Stannard. Lt. Butterfield was referee. It is not very often that the attackers win in such a scheme as this—but three of the attackers reached headquarters and a few others came very close. The defenders had the advantage of having grenades and natural cover, while the attackers were armed with smoke bombs. The defenders had control of the signal section which gave them word of the advance of the attack. As soon as all the attackers were captured or through to headquarters the platoon started for

home. The night's activities were enjoyed by all, even if the seniors did march too fast for the associate cadets.

The cadets are now training for annual inspection. We expect a better showing than last year, as the boys are really working hard to see if they can't win the shield given to the most proficient corps.

Cadet camp will be held from July 16-26. Captain Bennett in his recent visit said that the camp would be more interesting than in preceeding years. About sixteen of the local boys are looking forward to attending.

Flash. Annual inspection will be held on June 21st at 1900 hours. A good showing is expected as the boys have been training hard the last month.

June 11.—Col. Jull presented the Cadets with badges and berets of the Calgary Regiment (Tank) with which our corps is affiliated.

On June 13 Sgt. Instructor Little visited our cadet corps to give the examination in signalling. The boys were found quite proficient. Cpl. Earl Clark and Cadet Raymond Anhorn are now wearing the crossed flags on their sleeves.

Reprint from Coronation Review of April 27:

CADET CORPS HOLDS BANQUET

Coronation Calgary Tank Cadet Corps of the Royal Canadian Army Cadets held a very enjoyable banquet in the Union Cafe Monday, April 24.

As guests were Captain Ritson-Bennett, district cadet officer, Calgary, Sgt. R. Stanton of the Calgary Tank Regiment, Messrs. G. A. Wallace and A. Bernhardt of the School Board and Mr. A. Jensen representing the press.

Following a delicious repast at which nearly fifty were seated, Lieutenant M. R. Butterfield, local cadet officer, called upon various members

of the gathering to speak.

Captain Bennett told the boys that he wanted as many as possible to attend camp this summer—July 16-26. This summer they would accept boys who would be 15 years old by January next. He stated that the cadet service had increased rapidly recently from 27 in 1941 to 72 in 1944, from 1,300 to 4,000. There were 15 new corps this year. The camp would be assisted by members of the Army this year so that the boys would be on parade every day during camp term.

The Captain said that the boys were very lucky to have a gentleman like Mr. Butterfield who takes a very great interest in their welfare.

Lieut. Butterfield replied that the cadet services were very fortunate in having Captain Ritson-Bennett as Cadet Officer. Among other things it was through his trip to Ottawa last year that new uniforms and other equipment was secured.

Toasts were given by Sgt.-Maj. W. Taylor, Cpl. J. Stannard, CQMS Geo. Twa, Cpl. K. Clark, Cpl. D. Merchant.

Messrs. Wallace and Bernhardt spoke for the school board and congratulated Mr. Butterfield on the work he was doing and the time he was spending on the cadets. He stressed the fact that the school board would do all in its power to further the movement.

Sgt. Stanton spoke briefly stating that several plans had had to be cancelled but that he was doing his best to make arrangements to take the cadets to Stettler some time before camp.

Mr. Butterfield passed some very complimentary remarks in regard to the school board. It had backed the cadets since 1916, and was one of the two in the province which had kept the corps going continuously.

Captain Bennett added that this was

a splendid record of 28 years. He told the boys that the object of putting them in uniform was not to make "killers" of them. It was to increase their regard for their country, to build them up as better citizens through the discipline and training, which was bound to carry on with them in future years. Boys going into the Armed Services from the Cadets always received a higher standing.

Hope was expressed at this their first banquet that it would set a precedent that would be followed in succeeding years, and also that some glamor should be added by having some ladies present. The latter seemed to brighten up the boys, even to the youngest.

RIFLE COMPETITION RESULTS

The cadets have participated in every competition open to them this year, and achieved some splendid results. Cpl. Merchant was a consistently high scorer throughout the year. Some results are tabulated below:

RESULTS OF RIFLE COMPETITIONS

As Announced By Military District No. 13

(1) Royal Military College Competition for all of Canada.

Only six Cadet Corps in the Province of Alberta competed. Coronation Cadet Corps was placed in 111 position with total score of 879 of a possible 1,000.

(2) Strathcona Trust Competition. Alberta Competition

(a) Senior "A" Coronation Cadet Corps won 4th place with 87.6%. Cpl. Don Merchant won 4th place with individual score of 96. Possible 100.

(b) Junior "A" Competition. Coronation Cadet Corps won 8th place with 77%. Cpl. Edward Towns won second place with individual score of 94. Pos-

sible 100.

(c) "B" Competition. Open to Alberta Rural Cadet Corps. No. 1 team won 4th place with 92%. No. 2 team won 9th place with 78%.

Individual winners:

Individual winners: Robert Lund—4th place with 49 of possible 50. William Kot—17th place with 40 of possible 50.

ANNUAL COURSE 1944

	Grouping	Applicat'n	Snap	Total
Sniper Class				
Cpl. Don Merchant	25	17	15—57	
CQMS Geo. Twa	25	17	15—57	
Cpl. Elfed James	25	16	15—56	
Cpl. Ed. Towns	25	19	12—56	
Cdt. Leo Girard	25	15	15—55	
Cdt. Wm. Kot	25	15	15—55	
Cpl. J. Stannard	25	15	15—55	
Cdt. Ray. Anhorn	25	15	15—55	
Cdt. Jim Twa	25	14	15—54	
Cdt. Robt. Lund	25	14	15—54	
Expert Class				
Cdt. Arnold Brigley	25	13	15—53	
Cdt. John Waltham	20	17	15—52	
CSM Wally Taylor	25	12	15—52	
Cdt. Donald Hay	25	14	12—51	
Cdt. Orville Brigley	20	16	15—51	
Cdt. A. McArthur	20	13	15—48	
Cpl. Earl Clark	20	13	15—48	
Cdt. Lawrence Moen	20	13	15—48	
Cdt. Cecil Kerr	20	13	15—48	
First Class				
Cdt. Archie Brown	20	12	15—47	
Cdt. Gordon Williams	20	15	12—47	
Cdt. Dick Bernhardt	20	11	15—46	
Cdt. Chas. O'How	20	14	12—46	
Cdt. Harold Perkins	20	11	15—46	
Cpl. Ken. Clark	15	15	15—45	
Cdt. Carl Plehnert	15	15	15—45	
Cdt. Doug. Howg	15	14	15—44	
Cdt. Les. Whitnack	20	9	15—44	
Qualified				
Cdt. Edwin Sande	15	8	15—38	

Cdt. Albert Sande	15	5	15—35
Cdt. Doug. McColl	20	2	12—34
Sniper -----	54-60		
Expert -----	48-53		
First Class-----	39-48		
Qualified -----	30-38		
Unqualified --	under 30		
Grouping	25		
Application	20		
Snap	15		
Total	60		

—————v—————

North Pole, Januwumary, 32, 42.

Mine Dear Luke:

I take up mine pen und ink und write you mit a lead pencil. Ve do not liff vere ve liffed before. Ve liff vere ve moved. I am awfully sad since ve are separated together, un vish ve vere closer apart. Ve are haffing more veather up here than ve had last year.

Mine dear Aunt Katinka is died. She died of New Moni in New Year Day, fifteen minutes in front of five her breath all leaked out. The doctor gave up hope of saving her life ven she died. She leafs a family of two sons and two cows. Her sister is haffing the mumps and is haffing a swell time. She is near death's door; the doctor thinks he can pull her through. Hans Brinker vas also seek the odder day and de doctor telled him to take something so he vent down town mit Ikey und took his vatch. Dey got him arrested und got a lawyer. De lawyer took de case and vent home mit de vorks.

Mine brudder is chust graduated from de cow college. He is an electro-cution engineer und stenographer. He got a chob in the library stable taking down hay for the horses. De odder day he tooked our dog down to the saw mill und de dog got in a fight mit de circumular saw, but only lasted one round. Ve haff a cat und three chickens und he lays by de radiator.

I make de money fast. Yesterday I deposited one hundred dollars in de bank und today I vent down und wrote myself out a cheque for \$100, und deposited it, so now I haff \$200 in the bank.

I am sending your overcoat by express und to save charges I haff cut off the buttons. You vill find dem in the inside pocket. I can tink of nodding else to say so hope dis finds you de same.

Your Cousin,

Ikey.

P.S. If you don't get d's letter, vire und I vill send anudder.

Two times P.S.—I haff chust received de five dollars I owe you, but haff chust closed dis letter und can't get her in.

—————v—————

OUR ARMISTICE

An Armistice and Peace, peace at last! How happy, how overjoyed every-one was; but it was truly too good to last. Of course, coupled with this joy was the sorrow. Many fathers, brothers, husbands and loved ones would never return to share and enjoy the peace that they had made possible. Their places were marked by white crosses.

Under each of these crosses lies a heart that had loved or been loved, but had given itself for the victory and freedom which we were to enjoy. Each cross marked a milestone on the road to victory; but this victory did not last.

We have broken faith with those who died for our freedom. We have allowed our common enemy to spread dishonesty and hate, and once more our world is in tumult. Again true and loyal hearts are sacrificing their joys and rights to happiness for your sake; for freedom. To us they throw the torch. God help us to hold it high!

Margaret Dooling.

School Year Calendar

1943-1944

- Oct. 12—School opened.
 Oct. 29—Truth and Consequences Program by Ruth and Smirl.
 Dec. 17—School Party, skating and dancing.
 Dec. 23—School Program by Grade 12 Room.
 Feb. 25—School Program by Grade 10 Room.
 Mar. 31—School Play "Spring Fever" postponed until further notice.
 May 5—"Spring Fever" is put on in Coronation.
 May 10—"Spring Fever" is put on in Veteran.
 May 12—"Spring Fever" is put on in Talbot.
 May 21—The Play Cast Banquet.
 May 23—Coronation Track Meet.
 June 2—High School Hike and Dance.
 June 16—School Program by Grade 12 room.
 June 30—High School Banquet.
 July 14—School closes.

THE CHIP ON THE SHOULDER

(By Arthur Guiterman)

Learn this now before you are o'der:
 Don't go through life with a chip on
 your shoulder,
 Always aggrieved and ever offended,
 Fancy'g wrongs that are not intended.
 Let not a sense of humor desert you,
 Take it that nobody means to hurt
 you,
 Find not insult in idle chatter,
 Pass it over; it doesn't matter.
 Look for the best in everybody,
 Value the wool, forget the shoddy;
 Get in the habit of liking people.
 Live is the spire on every steeple.

Phil: "My dad takes things apart to see why they don't go."

Doug: "So what?"

Phil: "You'd better go."

NEVER NAUGHTY

Who was it coined the phrase "the Naughty Nineties?" Surely nobody who lived in that period.

If ever there was a time in our history that was not naughty, it was in the nineties.

Queen Victoria was still on the throne and keeping a tight hold on the morals of all British communities.

Elderly ladies wore bonnets and veils. Grown-up young things tripped over their long skirts. Prudery, prunes and prisms were rampant. All ladies were shocked if they heard the word "damn." Even "devil" was written "d—l."

It was the last war that made the world naughty and knocked out chaperons and a lot of prudish convention. "Naughty Nineties" was probably coined purely for its alliterative quality.

Turkey Trot

Most of the experiences I have had with turkeys have been at the Christmas table. These experiences have been highly satisfying. One that I had a few years ago was a little different. While at my uncle's farm I was sent to the milkhouse on an errand. I noticed the gobbler come around the corner of the house. My first thought was not one of fear, but my second one was; for he proceeded in my direction with a most menacing look. The milkhouse door was shut and this angry fowl was between me and the house. I started for a piano box that stood outside. I don't know how I reached the top but in a surprisingly short time I was there with the turkey gobbling excitedly below. It was fortunate for me that Edith heard the commotion and came out to my rescue. The next time I saw this turkey was on the Christmas table.

Katherine Bernhardt.

Alumni Notes

Beth Stannard—Ledger keeper in the Bank of Toronto at Coronation.

Daphne Gwilliam—Nurse-in-training at the Vancouver General Hospital.

Rita Robinson—Nurse-in-training at the Holy Cross Hospital, Calgary.

Erma Mitchell—Happily married. Now Mrs. R. Merchant.

Nita Wallace—Now Mrs. R. Peterson.

Shirley Ekman—Normal Student at Calgary.

Verona Merchant—Normal Student in Edmonton.

Lily O'How—R.C.A.F. (W.D.) stationed at Macleod.

Lila Lonsdale—R.C.A.F. (W.D.) stationed at Macleod.

Patricia Gilbertson—Working in Hughenden.

Erma Easton—Normal Student at Edmonton.

Grace Wakefield—Working at the Bank of Toronto, Coronation.

Helen Swanson—Student at Lutheran College at Camrose.

Beatrice Nicoud—Working in the Meteorological Bureau, Coronation.

Frances Woody—Student at Henderson's Secretarial School, Calgary.

Elaine Campbell—Continuing High School studies in Evansburg.

Clara O'Connor—Working in the Meteorological Bureau, Coronation.

Mildred Sande—Clerk in Wallace's store, Coronation.

Miss Adams—Teaching Room 2, Grades 3 and 4.

Robin Hood—In the Army (C.A.A.)

David Hood—Home assisting his father.

Eddy Aronyk—In reserve army.

John Smith—Residing at home and completing Grade XII by correspondence.

Frederick Boehlke—A Student at the school in Drumheller.

Ross Campbell—Continuing High School studies in Evansburg.

William Sidjak—Student at Castor School.

Lester Clark—Army.

Blanche Nicoud—A happy wife and mother.

Margaret Price—Newly married.

Helen Mayhew—Recent graduate at the General Hospital, Edmonton.

Mary Dafoe—Recent graduate at the University Hospital, Edmonton.

Roger Paugh—R.C.A.F.

Jack Crowther—Fireman of C.P.R. engine.

Nancy Kofoed—A happy bride residing in Calgary.

Hilda Nelson—Employed as waitress in Union Cafe.

Alice Paule—Clerk in Simon's store at Coronation.

Betty Neary—Employed in Burn's Packing Plant in Edmonton.

Joan Yeats—Working in the Meteorological Bureau, Coronation.

—v—

WHO KNOWS?

Surgeon (as he passed the bed of a smiling but badly wounded soldier): "Anything I can do for you?"

Soldier: "Yes, Doctor. Perhaps you can tell me something I'd very much like to know."

Doctor: "Fire ahead. What is it?"

Soldier: "Well, Doctor, when one doctor doctors another doctor, does the doctor doing the doctoring doctor the other doctor like the doctor wants to be doctored, or does the doctor doing the doctoring doctor the other doctor like the doctor doing the doctoring wants to doctor him?"

—v—

A kindly teacher smiled pleasantly at the gentleman opposite in the trolley car. He didn't respond. Realizing her error she said aloud: "Oh, please excuse me. I mistook you for the father of two of my children."

THE GRADE TEN MEETS AGAIN

Year: 1954

Time: August 10

Setting: New Orleans at the home of the host and hostess. (Leo and Yvonne Girard

Our first guest had arrived in a jeep, and was now ringing the door-bell with great impetuosity. We hurried to answer the door, and there to our great surprise, was General Allan McArthur, wearing so many medals that he unconsciously stooped a trifle. He executed a courtly bow as we welcomed him in and informed us that he was teaching students at West Point. We had just seated ourselves in the drawing-room when our next guests arrived. They were Dr. Dorothea Quaife and her assistant, Nurse Beth Robinson, Miss Clarice Nicoud, a famous author—prize-winner for her story "In Your Arms", Mme. Gladys Kisch, a rich fortune teller, and Mr. Carl Plehnert—now experimenting with a new type of wheat on his research farm. We called them to the room where the General sat and soon they were in deep conversation.

A few minutes later, the butler announced that the next guest had arrived. To our astonishment it was the Rt. Hon. Jack Stannard, the Prime Minister of Canada. We showed him the way to the drawing-room and entering here he was welcomed by everyone. I whispered to Yvonne, "I knew he would be Prime Minister because he always loved debating." Later, our other guests came. They were Miss Louise Heidecker—a famous violinist, Miss Joyce Easton—a second Florence Nightingale, Miss Vona Carter—a cowgirl radio star, Mr. Don Merchant—an archæologist who found a buried city of gold in ancient Peru, Mr. Douglas Howg—a second Babe Ruth, and Mr. Jim Twa—famous for his painting of "Madonna of the

Couch." They were also hailed by the others in the room.

Finally, a second later, a helicopter landed and stepping down from it, was Actress Katherine Bernhardt. We all shook our heads with awe. "She is now twice as famous as Actress Sarah Bernhardt," I heard them say. "Look at all the elegant jewels she has," Yvonne whispered breathlessly. As everyone wanted her to write in his autograph. She acquiesced with dignity. Next to come were Mr. Williams—a pilot who had flown around the world in half an hour, Mr. John Waltham—the lady-charmer who has earned the title of "Frank Sinatra the Second", Mr. Leslie Whitnack—the cowboy and Miss Maralyn Merchant—a bathing beauty titled "Miss Coronation of 1954".

Mrs. Noonan and Mr. Butterfield who used to be our Grade Ten teachers came next. Mrs. Noonan told us she had retired from teaching and that she and Mickey, her son, were writing an encyclopedia. Mr. Butterfield adds that he is still teaching and also operating a radio station with his son, Teddy, in his spare time.

We gathered around listening to Miss Heidecker playing "Vienna Woods" on her Stradivarius and did not hear the door-bell ringing. After Miss Heidecker finished her solo we heard a persistent ringing and as we quickly opened the door the French Professor Archibald Brown entered. "Bonjour, Mademoiselle et Monsieur Girard. I suppose you are wondering why I made myself a French Professor. I got the idea while I was taking French I from Mrs. Noonan." When he was seated, Mrs. Noonan started a conversation in French with Professor Brown.

The last to come were Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Clark and all the little Clarks (his wife is the former Muriel Miller), Mr. and Mrs. William Kot and also

the little Kots (Mrs. Kot nee Mary Plehnert). I also ushered them into the drawingroom, and when the others saw them, they all stood up and sang "Hail, Hail, The Gang's All Here!"

The End

By Leo Girard

—V—

FISH and CHIPS

Oscar and his haversack.
 George and his truck.
 Grace—the coffee shop.
 Ruth—Eggs.
 Charlotte—the Dodge.
 Douglas (L)—the blonde and the coupe.
 Frances—French II.
 Noren—the opposition.
 Kathy—Laugh.
 Gordon W.—"sand in my eye".
 Johnny—Is'e.
 Bergman--voluminous vocabulary.
 Jimmy—wise cracks.
 Mr. Butterfield—committees.
 "Gen" MacArthur—V.C.
 Jack S.—arguments.
 Muriel—her little grin.
 Archie—giggle.
 Don — questions.
 Leo—artistic work.
 Mike—homework.
 Whitnack—black eyes.
 Houg—ball playing.
 Watson—the distinguished Lionel Barrymore II.
 Carl P.—misfortunes.
 Christine—blush.

—V—

Never kill anyone in your dreams—it disturbs your rest as well as that of your victim!

v v v v

Never let anyone shoot you in the skull—don't be dull, you can get an awful headache that way!

v v v v

M.R.B. "Why are the days longer in the summer?"

Grace: "Because the weather's warmer and they therefore expand."

MEMBERS OF OUR CANADIAN HOME

Canada is an interesting family in the community of the world.

British Columbia is pictured as a mysterious lady clothed in flowing mists of white, tripping from heart to heart. Saskatchewan, a stalwart farmer, brawny and strong, braves the hardships of the prairies. He is the symbol of the strength and untiring toil of the common everyday man. Manitoba is a pompous gentleman, rich and slightly eccentric. Ontario is a fat and jolly woman very set in her ways, but a kindly soul in all. Quebec, a gay petite French belle is an example of Canadian vitality and pep. Prince Edward Island is portrayed as a conscientious gardener. His eyes take in the beauties around him. They are, however, not solely on earth. New Brunswick is a lumberjack with strong muscles and a bronzed face. Nova Scotia is a hardy weather-beaten fisherman. His skin is wrinkled and browned by the wild sea breezes.

These familiar faces which make up part of our family are incomplete without "sunny" Alberta, a lovely girl in peasant garb with an intellectual mind and a beautiful soul. She is the symbol of prosperity and fruitfulness. In her eyes, which are blue, there is mirrored love and a zest for living. Her sturdy frame is the result of hard work on an ordinary farm. She is original in her views and opinions.

We cannot help but observe one outstanding trait of this our Canadian family. It is unbounded strength and vitality. Let us hope that it is coupled with a breadth of vision that will lead to a happy and useful future.

Christine Bernhardt

WHAT WOULD HAPPEN IF—

Pat didn't like horse-laugh—
 Mary and Margaret quarreled—
 Jerry didn't like baker's bread—
 Frances didn't like French—
 Noren didn't throw rocks—
 Doris wasn't a "Miss Number
 Please"—
 Phyllis quit riding in coupes—
 Doug. L. didn't have a coupe—
 Charlotte didn't wink—
 Sarah was tongue-tied—
 Ruth didn't like riding in trucks—
 Dorothy wasn't good at math—
 Loreene didn't like bookkeeping—
 Hay didn't have mud on his shoes—
 Smirl became a ladies' man—
 Eileen wasn't a blonde—
 Christina didn't blush—
 Twila had stayed in Calgary—
 Oscar and Smirl were brothers—
 Lionel didn't get hit with the ball—
 Lorna was noisy—
 George didn't sleep in school—
 Marion wasn't going to Normal—
 Mike didn't get his home-work
 done—
 Grace started playing pool—
 Leo became a wrestler—
 Leslie grew a beard—
 Allan didn't get caught—
 Vona took a holiday from answer-
 ing notes—
 Gladys stuttered—
 Yvonne didn't like music—
 Jim didn't horse-laugh—
 Doug. H. couldn't play ball—
 Archie was a six-footer—
 William didn't know all the ans-
 wers—
 John didn't have a back seat—
 Elizabeth wasn't called Tizzie—
 Clarice didn't go to dances—
 Ken. didn't win a medal—
 Maralyn lived in town—
 Jack couldn't argue—
 Louise didn't like boys—
 Mary P. didn't take long walks—
 Don wasn't such a good shot—

Muriel didn't like six-footers—
 Dorothea got mad—
 Kathy never laughed—
 Joyce didn't write notes to—
 Carl didn't sit on his books—
 Gordon couldn't ride his motor-
 cycle—

—v—

TEN YEARS HENCE

Gordon Hay: Teaching the little Hays
 the wisdom in the saying "Early to
 Rise" which papa never did.
 Lionel Watson: Perfecting a drug to
 produce good horse-sense in all
 things, using himself as an excellent
 specimen.
 Marion Ross: Using her Normal train-
 ing in her own nursery.
 Smirl Burgman: Out preaching to the
 bovine the principles of a greater
 lacteal flow.
 Lorna Banks: Teaching a class of
 numskulls.
 Gordon Noren: Running a store in op-
 position to his father-in-law.
 Grace Drinnan: Running a coffee shop.
 George Twa: Making up for lost sleep.
 Mike Kot: Running a Chatanooga
 Choo-Choo on track 29.
 Mr. Butterfield: Handing over money
 for Teddie's first date.
 Oscar Kortgaard: A travelling sales-
 man.
 Eileen Lindmark: Manageress of the
 Coronation Collective Farming Pro-
 ject.
 Mrs. Noonan: Explaining to Mickey
 the Rudiments of Theory and the
 Elements of piano playing.
 Christina Bernhardt: Out for an ideal
 husband.
 Twila Ekman: Listening to the adven-
 tures of a sailor on the high seas.

—v—

Mr. Butterfield: "And now, class,
 can any of you tell me what a man-
 date is?"

Eileen: "Yes Sir, an appointment
 with a man."

THE SUPERNATURAL DINNER PARTY

As I looked at my guests seated around the table, I smiled to myself with a deep sense of satisfaction. Really, I thought what extraordinary happenings occur in this modern world! Who would believe that I, merely a very common earth-dweller, would ever have the privilege of entertaining the spirits of the noted personages of years gone by? As I studied the faces of those present at the table, the real and frightening significance of the situation at last reached me. I began to be very alarmed and perturbed. My guests however, though ever polite and courteous to me, scarcely seemed aware of my presence. They chatted and conversed together in a most amiable way. They seemed to find great pleasure in inquiring about one another's careers.

King Henry VIII was present and his wide expanse of stomach protruded over the table. This fact however, bothered him but little and he jabbered on about his family and political life. Of course, he admitted six wives were quite a number. He merely stated that since it was so easy for him to dispose of them, why should a man be stuck with one wife forever? The points he brought out on the method of running parliament were very interesting, though by no means agreed upon all.

The great Napoleon was the next to voice his opinion. Naturally he believed he was the only great man who had lived. He related the many experiences he had had while endeavoring to conquer the world. The treatment he had received after all his painstaking effort to rule "tout le monde" seemed to displease him. The great failures he encountered in Russia were, to the surprise of us all, explained in full.

The great Prussian Bismarck spoke next. Bismarck explained in detail the methods he used and the plans he followed which enabled him to unite Germany.

The mighty Cæsar gazed majestically around the table as all present waited for his story. "Ah, yes, the people of Rome were certainly a fickle lot! When I reached the height of my fame, all my subjects worshipped me. Then as things began to go wrong, these worthless citizens were persuaded by my enemies to distrust me. By the time Brutus assassinated me the people hated me. A great deal of my fame I owe to Mark Antony. It was he who at my funeral made the people's hatred turn to love for me."

All this time the noted English author Joseph Addison was seated in his chair not saying a word. He at last began to speak. "All of you have wielded public opinion by force. I, however, influenced people in a very different manner. My pen was my only weapon. With this helper, I revolutionized people's ideas through the whole of England. Though I may not go down in history as a noted ruler, neither have I the horror of bloodshed and misery to follow me through eternity."

The guests talked well on into the night. As each person spoke I listened intently to the ideas he brought out. The theories of the first four rather frightened and sickened me. Everything had been done by cruel means and yet in the end they had fallen from their great heights; all had ended in disaster. The method used by Joseph Addison though very passive in being carried out was very enormous in effect. Was not this in the end, the better of the two methods?

By Frances Owen.

—V—

Never let anyone shoot you between the eyes—it ruins your complexion!

A HANDSHAKE

How often in one's lifetime we repeat the meaningless phrase "How do you do" and then produce an unwilling hand to shake with. Yet—it's a custom, isn't it, and as long as our forefathers did it, I suppose we will have to, and our grandchildren after us too. Do you too experience a horribly uncertain feeling every time you are introduced to someone? To shake or not to shake is the question. Your arm wanders limply to and fro in a hesitant manner. Then by the time it is nicely back home, your new acquaintance thrusts forth his paw to carry out that questionable tradition.

Suppose now, you recall the handshakes you've encountered. They are numerous no doubt and from people of very different character. First, there's the ghost-like hand shake. You know, the one which is cold and clammy and makes you shiver from head to toe. Then you are introduced to a robust old fellow of forty-five or thereabouts. This is the type of handshake which we will do well to live through! Without realizing his own strength he shakes your hand and you, until you feel that one of your teeth may fly out of its accustomed resting place, and hit him in the eye. Now we meet that old friend who shakes your hand in a friendly enough fashion, but suddenly, claps you on the back with a "hefty" fist and still expects you to be his faithful old friend after the extreme display of affection.

Now in the line of feminine handshakes we meet that dainty maid with the "wishy-washy" type. This experience leaves you with the urge to wash your hands in some soothing warm water and clutch the bar of soap, with a fond feeling of solidity uppermost in your mind. Last, and most hateful of all, is the "pumper". This abnoxious creature plies your arm up and

down until your whole body seems badly in need of a feather mattress.

Don't ever do these silly things for the best remembered hand shake is the firm, warm clasp of friendship.

Jerry Wallace.

—v—

ZIPPERS AND BOYS

"The vessel that he made of clay was marred in the hands of the potter."—Jer. 18:4.

The "zipper's" a modern contraption,
Replacing the "button" and "lace."
The "hook" and the "eye"
Have bade us "Goodbye,"
The Zipper has taken their place.
It travels on delicate meshes,
And fastens up snugly and tight.
If you wish it to work,
Don't give it a jerk,
But pull it through,
smoothly and light.

Now boys are just somewhat like
Zippers,

If you jerk them they get off the track,
And you're likely to find
You're left way behind,
And cannot move forward or back.
You're struck with a mighty hard
problem.

You're stalled and stranded, I fear,
For it's a dead cinch,
You can't budge an inch
When your meshes are all out of gear.

If you'll just treat the boys like the
Zipper,

And start them out right, they'll come
through,

And, nine times out of ten,
Will make splendid men—
Energetic, efficient and true.
But jerk them, and thrust them, and
twist them,

Like the Zipper, they get out of clutch,
And you've hampered that boy,
Your pride and your joy—
The lad that you valued so much.

D. H. Elton, K.C.

THE METEOROLOGICAL SERVICE OF CANADA

Man has always been interested in the weather and it is not surprising that from earliest times he has tried to foretell what the weather would likely be. In the course of time a great mass of superstitions and legends in connection with the weather grew up, and it was not until the 17th century that meteorological thought began to take its place in scientific literature.

It was in 1872 that the first meteorological service was established in this country for the benefit of shipping.

Despite the violent prejudices of the scientific men, there were those who believed in the possibilities of meteorology. Time has more than justified their faith, the meteorologist has come into his own.

Every morning at 05:30 MS and every evening at 5:30 MS observers in over 500 weather stations from Mexico to the Arctic, on ships on the Atlantic and Pacific oceans, take weather observations.

They read maximum and minimum thermometers, the wet and dry thermometers, the barometers, the wind velocity and direction, calculate the relative humidity, the dew point, note the percentage of cloudiness, kind and direction and movement of the clouds, measure the amount of precipitation if any has occurred within the last few hours, and observe any special phenomena such as thunder-storms, hail, high winds, fog or other happenings.

Messages are all sent in code, not because of a desire for secrecy but because of economy and efficiency. Here is a message written in code in 1939: Roofer Melody Marfin Seeming Citrine Eight. Each word signifies a certain air condition. Words found

in the code are such oddities as bed-bug, forget, hatband, mussfuss. This code has since been dropped and numbers and symbols are used instead.

It is of the utmost importance that observers be constantly on the alert and report the approach of violent and dangerous storms to the head office who in turn broadcast to the pilot.

Pilots have often complained that they had no knowledge of the weather between such points as Edmonton and Swift Current, Calgary and Battleford, and Penhold and Saskatoon, and it was decided to instal a station at Coronation, that town being most favorably situated.

The Coronation office is not fully equipped as yet, but it is anticipated that in three weeks time Mr. Pickering, who has been training the Observers, will return with other necessary equipment such as an anemometer, which is an instrument which not only shows the wind direction to sixteen points of the compass, but the velocity as well.

The height of clouds can be found by flashing a beam of light upon the base of a cloud-group. This height can then be estimated by comparison with a special scale.

The local office has already taken its place among such stations as Edmonton, Moose Jaw, Regina and Calgary.

—(Contributed).

Here is a bit of advice by that distinguished Chinese singer and executioner, Swing Low: "If anyone tellum you that you crazy, you tellum that you full of nuts!"

v v v v

Noren: "Why is it that Oscar isn't popular with the girls?"

Jack: "Oh, he's an A.W.O.L."

Noren "What's an A.W.O.L.?"

Jack: "A wolf on the loose."

Love In Vain

Most boys go a-courting,
 So James O'Day did too;
 One night he went calling
 On a sweet young thing he knew.
 He had to look real charming
 Like all beaux must appear;
 Ma placed the soup bowl on his
 head
 And got snippin with the shears.
 Pa's razor then was taken
 From the cupboard on the wall;
 A man can't have long whiskers
 When he makes this special call.
 Pa's old suit was taken
 Out of the moth balls in the trunk;
 The dog was frightened by the
 smell
 And tore out quite a hunk.
 Sis, she patched the britches,
 While ma, she shone the shoes;
 Poor James, he was so nervous
 He forgot to hear the news.
 That evening e'er the sun was set,
 James started down the hill;
 A bunch of posies in his hand
 To please his girl friend Lil.
 Arriving at the lady's home
 He knew not what to do;
 For on the porch sat Lilian
 With beaux, not one, but two!

Marion Ross.

The Creed of C. H. S.

Let me be a little kinder, let me be a
 little blinder to the faults of those a-
 bout me; let me praise a little more;
 let me be, when I am weary, just a
 little more cheery; let me serve a
 little better those that I am striving
 for. Let me be a little better, braver
 when temptation bids me waver; let
 me strive a little harder to be all that
 I should be; let me be a little meeker
 with the brother that is weaker; let
 me think more of my neighbor and a
 little less of me.

Temptation

When school is out and I come home,
 I don't want to study at all.
 The only thing that I want to do
 Is go down to the billiard hall.
 Now I know that I should study
 And keep away from pool.
 But it's sometimes hard for an aver-
 age boy
 To observe the Golden Rule.
 But if I do not study,
 I will not pass in school.
 And then I will be sorry
 I ever thought of pool.
 So boys take heed of my warning,
 And listen to what I say.
 If you never go near that awful den
 You'll never want to stay.
 For once inside its portals
 You'll want to play a game.
 Then you are lost, a hopeless case
 You'll never be the same.
 So take may warning, brother,
 Stay away from its cursed door.
 For I know I'd get my homework
 done,
 If I never went back any more.

Oscar Kortgaard.

All Wrapped Up

The latest thing in septicide
 That gives mankind a pain
 Is everything that comes to one
 Is wrapped in cellophane.
 Cigars, tobacco, cigarettes,
 Shirts, powder-puffs and plain
 Ordin-i-ary serviettes
 Are wrapped in cellophane.
 And so it yet may come to pass,
 If we continue sane,
 The stork will bring his litt'e gifts,
 Wrapped up in cellophane.
 Then when the dizzy round is done
 You'll leave this world of pain
 A nice aseptic little corpse
 Done up in cellophane.

J. Butterfield

A Private Reflects

Here I sit and meditate
 What's to be, what is my fate?
 The Army's made me wash my socks
 They've given me some awful knocks.
 I've had to wash and press my clothes
 They've often stepped upon my toes
 I've learned to make a real tight bunk.
 I've also learned to sort the junk.
 They've taught me all the facts of life
 I'd make someone a darn good wife
 By training I have reached perfection
 Now I even pass inspection
 But I'll have the last laugh brother
 Cause they can't make me a mother.

—v—

The Massacre of Lidice

In Lidice the moon hung low
 Pale death was all around.
 And treading feet of the hated foe
 Were o'er the burial ground.
 The hangman Hydrick had been killed
 The cry was for revenge.
 And treading feet of the hated foe
 Were seeking to avenge.
 The village was given one short day
 To turn the murderer in.
 For treading feet of the hated foe
 Had failed to capture him.
 The women looked on in wild dismay
 Yet not a word they spoke.
 For treading feet of the hated foe
 Great terror in them awoke.
 The men were lined against the wall
 The firing squad to meet.
 And treading feet of the hated foe
 Stood calm to perform the feat.
 The children screamed and bitterly
 wept
 While clutching their mother's hand.
 For treading feet of the hated foe
 Were over all the land.
 In Lidice the moon hung low
 Pale death was all around.
 And treading feet of the hated foe
 Were o'er the burial ground.

Frances Owen.

The Pelican

A wonderful bird is the Pelican,
 His beak holds more than his belly
 can.
 He flies some by night; mostly by
 day,
 He's a real good fisherman, so some
 folks say.
 I once knew a bird of this wondrous
 race;
 But unfortunately for me I got close
 to his face,
 What happened then? My Oh My!
 With a flash of his beak he had pluck-
 ed out my eye.
 My hand grasped his neck and I
 swung him around,
 And he flew through the air without
 any sound,
 And today a wee placard yellow, and
 round,
 Has "PELICAN" upon it "FOUR
 FEET UNDERGROUND".

Smirl Burgman.

—v—

Doris And Vona's Farewell Song
(Sung at the last S. U. meeting)

Bless you all, bless you all
 Our teachers must come first of all
 Bless Phil and Dougie, Jimmy and Pat
 Gerry and Noren and all likes of that
 For we'll soon say so-long to you all
 Hurrah for C.H.S. we'll call
 No homework or studies for certain
 somebodies
 So cheer up dear pals
 Bless you all.
 Bless you all, bless you all
 Bless Rossy and Drinnan and Twa
 Bless Donald Merchant and Joyce
 Easton too,
 Allan McArthur and what he won't do
 And Smirl Burgman our dear profes-
 sor
 And also his best pal Oscar
 NO parties or dances
 Or school time romances
 So good-bye dear pals
 Bless you all.

FIGHTERS OF THE SKY

Rise, for the battle is coming
 And the foe is drawing near;
 The great Spitfires are humming
 For their motors we hear.
 Huge Messerschmitts are closing in
 But our bombers are standing their
 ground;
 The rat-tat of the machine creates
 quite a din
 As the Nazis are rapidly downed.
 Rise, as the battle progresses
 And the Nazis are beginning to fail;
 As a huge Nazi bomber suppresses
 Its last rapidly diminishing wail.
 All's quiet, but we'd better beware
 As the great bombers go hurtling
 down;
 And then from a Spitfire there shoots
 forth a flame
 As it brightens the sky o'er the town.
 Rise, for the battle is over,
 And the Messerschmitts slowly retreat
 Our newspapers will shout the world
 over
 The news of the great Nazi defeat.

—Charlotte Sande.

The R. C. E.

I think that I shall never see
 A troop so brave as the R.C.E.
 Young Men all from Canada's shore
 Who fight to keep the rights they
 adore.
 A troop who trust in God's great
 might,
 To lead them safely through the
 fight.
 A troop that builds the mighty
 bridge
 So tanks can cross a rugged ridge;
 Upon whose craftsmanship depends
 The safety of the fighting men,
 What a happy day 'twill be,
 When home will come the R.C.E.

With apologies to Joyce Kilmer.

By Marion Ross.

Life's Story

What matters what else we are doing?
 From birth right through to the end
 We're printing our life's own story
 Each sunset—another page penned.
 Each morning at dawn the book opens
 To a spotless clean page that is white.
 What deeds, what blots, and what
 doings
 Will be over that paper by night?
 Each week ends a seven-paged
 chapter,
 Each month an act or a part.
 And never a thought is misstated;
 Or forgotten, one wish of the heart.
 God's angels watch o'er while we're
 writing,
 They see what is wrong and is right.
 As we rise in the morning we wonder
 What will cover that page before
 night.
 He leaves that to you—you've the
 pencil.
 But never a letter grows dim
 Till after your life here has ended;
 And your soul with your book is
 turned in.
 To the father of all of us mortals,
 Who will seal it with letters of gold;
 To stay closed till the great day of
 judgement
 When all of our deeds will be told.

Dorothea Quaife.

SPOILED AT THE TOP

Lovely creature, darkly fair
 Merry eyes of brown;
 Walking with a queenly air
 Dazzling all the town!
 Fox furs drooping fore and aft
 Suit of mellow tones,
 Triumph of the tailor's craft,
 Costing ninety "bones."
 But the "Hat!" Sweet Sister Ann!
 Like an old tomato can!

Never let an inexperienced murderer
 kill you—he can make an awful mess
 of things!

THE MAN IN THE GLASS

When you've got all you want in your
struggle for pelf
And the world crowns you king for a
day;
Then go to the mirror, and look at
yourself
And see what that guy has to say.
It isn't your Father or Mother or Wife
Who judgment upon you must pass,
But the fellow whose verdict counts
most in your life,
Is that guy staring back from the
glass.
He's the fellow to please, never mind
all the rest
For he'll be with you clear to the end.
And you've passed your most difficult
dangerous test,
If the man in the glass is your friend.
You may be like Jack Horner and
chisel a plum
And think you're a wonderful guy,
But the man in the glass says you're
only a bum,
If you can't stare him straight in the
eye.
You may fool all the world down the
pathway of years
And get pats on the back as you pass,
But your final reward will be heart-
aches, and tears
If you've cheated the guy in the glass.

D. H. Elton, K.C.

—v—

Here's a bright poem entitled

"THE LITTLE EGG"

I wish I was a little egg,
A-sittin' in a tree
Just as rotten as rotten could be!
And I wish you would come along
And sit beneath this tree,
And I would up and burst myself
And spatter thee with me.

THREE CHEERS FOR CANADA

Three cheers for our Dominion
The grandest land of all;
From ocean unto ocean
Come answers to the call.
The young men join the colors
To fight on side by side
To help defend their native land
For whom their fathers died.
They came from every province
And moved on hand in hand
To do their part to fight and win
In air, on sea, on land.
They left their home and parents
Their dear ones and their friends,
To win for us—the old, the young—
Peace—when this war ends.
Thank God that our Dominion
Can have such folks as these,
Who give their time, their lives,
their all,
In this great cause of peace.
Jack Hemstock.

—v—

Mr. Butterfield: (to Hay arriving
late) "Well Gordon, late as usual."
Gordon Hay: "How can I be un-
usual?"

Mr. Butterfield: ? ? ? ? ?

▼ ▼ ▼ ▼

Gordon Hay: Have you corrected
our Algebra papers yet, Mr. Butter-
field?

Mr. Butterfield: No, it takes thirty-
one days for goose eggs to hatch.

▼ ▼ ▼ ▼

Kiss: A contraction of the mouth
due to enlargement of the heart.

▼ ▼ ▼ ▼

Never be scared to let a vampire
suck your blood—you're only helping
the poor things out!

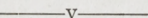
▼ ▼ ▼ ▼

Of all the things you wear, the
most important, your expression, costs
nothing.

Jilted !

The stars were softly shining,
For Jackie to meet his Sue.
He waited on a lone park-bench
To meet his Waterloo.
He combed his hair and fixed his tie,
And glanced down at his clock
He got so tired of sitting
He rose and started to walk.
He wandered here and wandered
there,
And then did turn and look
To see his dear Susan
Had arrived at their small nook.
The moon hung low o'er Bowness Park
The bench was lone and bare,
Jackie waited till the dawn
Still Susie wasn't there!

Grace Drinnan.



FRENCH II

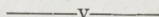
French, like all bad medicine, is hard to take. However, unlike medicine, it brings no relief to the patient. Our French II class is no exception. Merely "pour passer le temps tous les jours" from one thirty to two p.m., we plough through bewildering tenses and dig up verbs which "sans doute" are "inconnu" to us. How are we to know that "clapper" is not the verb "to applaud," or that "cesser" is the verb "to stop," not "halter." How can we "Expliquez l'emploi du subjonctive dans les phrases suivantes" when we can't even "Traduisez les phrases suivantes?"

Well we can always learn. The electric light bill may rise slightly, our morale may be lowered, our opinion of the French may become ?X?XX, yet, we can learn it.

"Ce mauvais sujet" which gives us "beaucoup de mal a la tete," has, we presume, its good points. If so, they will always remain a mystery to us.

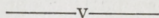
Mary Stoltz.

Eh, bonjour Lundi!
Comment va Mardi?
Tres bien, Mercredi;
Je viens de la part de Jeudi,
Dire a Vendredi,
Qu'il s'apprete Samedi,
Pour aller a l'eglise Dimanche.
A Paris, a Paris
Sur un p'tit cheval gris,
A Rouen, a Rouen,
Sur un p'tit cheval blanc;
Au trot, au trot, au trot,
Au galop, au galop, au galop!



LES PEINES DU FRANCAIS

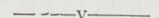
Le francais est tres difficile,
Ce nous donne un mal a la tete,
Nous etudions,
mais nous ne comprenons pas,
Parce que nous sommes trop epais!
L'annee premiere nous sweations,
Nous avions souvent a swear!
Mais l'annee seconde
nous allons crazees!!
En Effet nous avons tear l'hair!!!
P.D. & G. W.



Being "Up-to-date".

Are you up-to-date? Have you at least one of those funny little pieces of felt or straw which is referred to as a hat? Do you own a pair of "would-be" shoes, those sandals that are mostly cut-outs, and have neither heels nor toes? Is there one of those cute play dresses in your wardrobe? You know the kind I mean. The one with straps at the back and a very short skirt and no midriff. You haven't any of these things? You're old-fashioned!

Charlotte Sande.



Here is a piece of philosophy by that distinguished orator and cannibal Eatyour Relatives: If you want to give your friends a fat pain in the neck, be sure to slit their throats with a thin knife-blade.

Pearl Harbour

That evening in Pearl Harbour,
We danced the night away;
No warning did the breezes bring
Until the coming day.

That morning in Pearl Harbour,
The tired dancers lay
Asleep, although the church bells
chimed

To summon them to pray.

The radio's frantic warning,
Too late came to their ear.
The planes of Nippon came roaring
in

Filled every heart with fear.

Destruction followed after them,
Bombs burst and fires blazed;
Ships, planes and people all were
lost;

The city it was razed.

And now in the Pacific.

Puts strength in every blow.
The memory of Pearl Harbour
Where battles ebb and flow,

Dorothy Farwell.

—v—

One of our Grade XII students
(wearing slacks) came late one noon
whereupon Mr. Butterfield remarked:
"Now you see how long it takes to
dress when you dress like a man."

Brightly our offender Gordon Hay
piped up: "That's why I'm always
late!"

v v v v

Gordon Noren: I've had this truck
for months and have never had a
wreck.

Oscar: You mean you've had this
wreck for months and have never had
a truck.

v v v v

Smirl: "What are the prices of the
seats, please?"

Marion: "The back seats are 25¢,
front seats are 10¢, and the programs
are 1¢."

Smirl: "I'll sit on a program please."

Disaster at Sea

The sea was calm, the weather fair,
And the ship sailed stout and strong;
A thousand hearts without a care
Spent the close of their lives in song.

No soul upon that ship foretold
The disaster soon to be;
No soul could know that danger
lurked

Beneath that glassy sea.

How could your captain know, that
deep

Beneath those waters blue
The immovable hulk of a huge iceberg
Would pierce your strong sides thro'!

Their gay and frivolous games forgot,
Your passengers fled the deck;
But each in his secret heart realized
That that ship was doomed for a
wreck.

Quickly you sank, your passengers
prayed,

For strength to face the end,
But those brave ones who prayed,
at morn

Were shapes for the waves to rend.

The Titanic, lost with all aboard!

The tragedy shocked the world.
But the memory of the gallant ship
Will ever be unfurled!

Patricia Dafoe.

—v—

HIGH SCHOOL SONG

Cheer! Cheer! for Coronation High.
Wake up the echoes cheering her by,
Send a volley cheer on high,
Shake down the thunder from the sky.
What tho' the odds be great or small,
Coronation High will win over all,
While her loyal sons are marching,
Onward to Victory.

—v—

Our Students' Union President upon
entering the room at his usual 9:31,
was stared at sternly by Mr. Butter-
field who remarked, "The epitaph
writers will be telling the truth when
they print on your tombstone: "THE
LATE GORDON HAY."

Town Council

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Closing Message

We hope that the reading of these pages has brought back many pleasant memories of the year that is just passed; that the labors of the Year Book Executive have been worth the effort; that this, the second volume, will measure up to the high standard set by volume one.

We would like to express our appreciation to our advertisers and to all who have again contributed so much to the publication of "Scarlet and Black."

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